

THE

CALIFORNIA

Desert

M A G A Z I N E



JANUARY, 1939

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The Five Best Months are Here

January, February, March, April, and May are the most beautiful months in the desert, according to most of our readers. Then the air is snappy but mild, the sunshine is comfortably warm, the sunsets are incomparable, the water holes are brimming, and the vast fields of wildflowers present their fragrance and vivid color.

To get the most from these months you should have the Desert Magazine at your side as you travel. It will open new vistas, introduce you to interesting people, picturesque camping spots, significant developments.

Here is the solution to that belated Christmas Gift problem: three one-year subscriptions to the Desert Magazine (including your own) for \$5.00. Your friends will appreciate the thoughtfulness that gives a year of release in the desert's wide open spaces.

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THE *Desert*
MAGAZINE

597 STATE STREET, EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA

DESERT

Calendar

Civic groups in the desert area are invited to use this column for announcing fairs, rodeos, conventions and other events which have more than local interest. Copy must reach the Desert Magazine by the 5th of the month preceding publication. There is no charge for these announcements.

DEC. 29 to JAN. 2—Sun carnival at El Paso, Texas.

DEC. 31, JAN. 1-2—Sierra club of California to spend weekend exploring Split Mountain canyon in Vallecito mountains, including trip to Elephant trees. W. E. Andrews, leader.

JAN. 1—New Year dances in various New Mexico Indian pueblos.

JAN. 2—Charles Wakefield Cadman to assist in directing the opera SHANEWIS, to be given by university glee clubs at Tucson.

JAN. 6 — Installation of Indian governors in New Mexico pueblos.

JAN. 14-15—Riverside chapter of Sierra club to visit Painted canyon and Salton Sea mud geysers.

JAN. 14-15—Annual state convention of Arizona Lions clubs at Phoenix.

JAN. 20-21-22 — Annual buffalo hunt in Houserock canyon, northern Coconino county, Arizona. Permits to be issued for 14 buffalo this year. Applications must reach State Game Warden William H. Sawtelle by January 15.

JAN. 21-22—Sierra club to camp at Rattlesnake canyon near Twentynine Palms, California, and hike to Fortynine Palms.

JAN. 23—St. Ildephonsus Day to be observed at San Ildefonso, New Mexico.

JAN. 25-26 — National Wool Growers Association, San Angelo, Texas.

JAN. 29-30 — Rodeo at Casa Grande, Arizona.

JAN. 29-30—Third Annual Rodeo at Palm Springs, California.

JAN. 31-FEB. 1—Arizona Cattle Growers Association meets at Safford, Arizona.

Continuous through fall and winter: series of public art exhibits in Fine Arts building, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque. Featured are paintings by representative New Mexico artists. Ralph Douglass, director.



Volume 2

JANUARY, 1939

Number 3

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RANDALL HENDERSON, Editor
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Desert Survey

By JACK WOOTAN
3288 Sierra Way
San Bernardino, California

Awarded first prize in the November photograph contest of the Desert Magazine. The surveyor is Bertrum W. Shaw employed in the engineering department of the Southern California Gas Company. The picture was taken in the glare of a midday desert sun with a 35 mm Wirgin camera, f4.5 lens at f16, 1/25 second, K-2 filter.

Pictures of Merit

In addition to the prize winners, the following photographers submitted prints of more than usual quality in the November contest:

R. Frederick Heckman, Laguna Beach, California, "Sentinel of Painted Canyon."

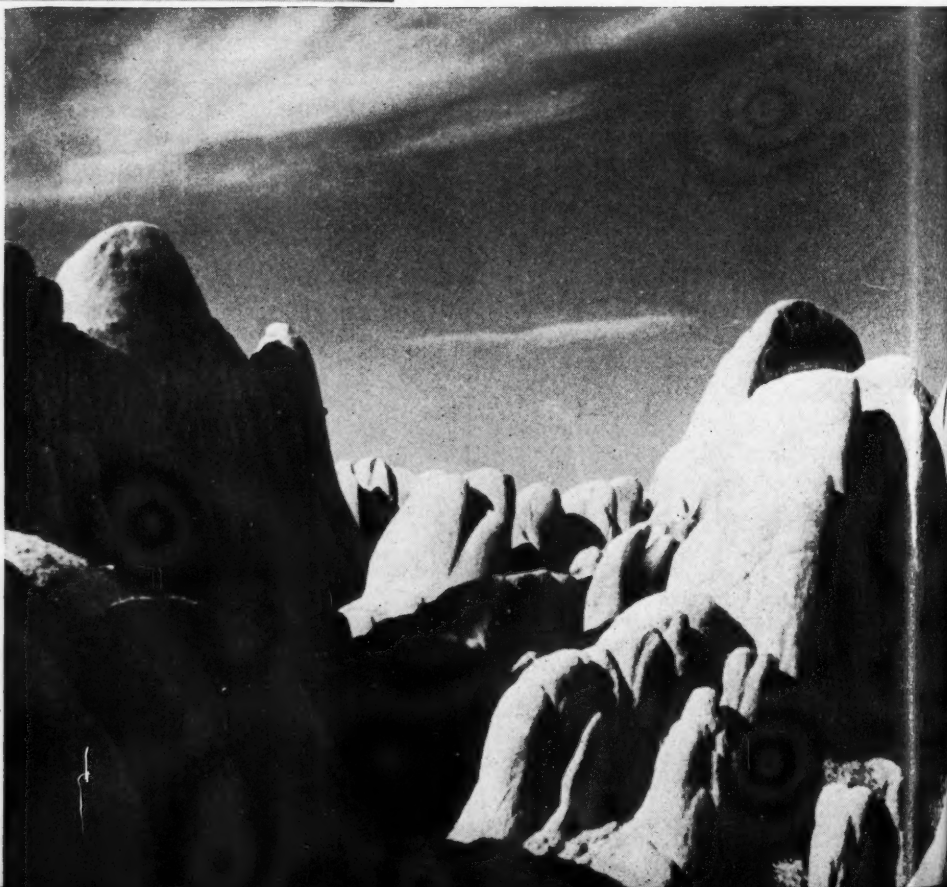
Harry W. Dacquet, Los Angeles, California, "Clouds and Shadows."

Chas. S. Webber, San Leandro, California, "Wupatki National Monument."

White Tanks

By MARIE T. SCOTT
1106 West 165 Street
Los Angeles, California

Second prize winning picture in the November contest. Taken in the Joshua Tree national monument of Southern California with a Welta camera, f8 at 1/50 second.



HALIKSAI!

This is one of a collection of Hopi legends gathered during camping trips through Grand Canyon country of northern Arizona.

Around the campfires at old Oraibi, along the rim of the great Canyon itself, and down in the bottom of the gorge, I have listened to Tewaquaptewa, the old chief of Oraibi, to Poli and Anthony Neumkewa, to Jim Kewanuwatewa and other Hopi tell these stories of the olden days.

"Once Upon a Time" is a favorite way to begin the legends of the white man. HALIKSAI is the "Once Upon a Time" of the Hopi.

Sipapu

(The journey up from the underworld)

As told to HARRY C. JAMES

HALIKSAI! Many, many snows ago, when our grandfathers' grandfathers played among the willows that bordered the winding streams, all the people lived in the center of the earth. As the years went by quarrels had broken out among them and they had grown discontented.

Game was scarce. The crops failed. The people grumbled more and more and grew restless for a change, saying over and over: "It was not always thus." The chiefs counseled together in vain attempts to make the lives of their people more happy.

With the passing of time the troubles grew greater and greater. Wars between the good and the bad people were almost continuous. Husbands and wives watched their children die of strange sicknesses. Warriors returned with naught save wounds to show for their efforts on the war trail.

Finally, the oldest and wisest of the chiefs, in a desperate effort to regain their lost happiness, called a council of all the good people. Among the people sitting around the council fire were the Earth Mother, whom we call Spider Woman, and the twin little war-gods, Pookonghoya and Baloongwahoya. As the council fire lit up the faces of the gloomy assembly, the old chief stood up and said:

"For many moons we have gathered together talking and planning. But our talk was as the wind that moans at dusk,—empty sounds. Our people die day by day. Our enemies grow stronger and stronger. Game is harder and harder to get.

"Long have I prayed for a way and I have searched the whole underworld for a better place to live. At last in one of my wanderings I heard footsteps overhead and my heart was filled with gladness for I knew my prayers were answered—a sign was sent me.

"Always have we wailed like women instead of acting like warriors. We have been blind to our own magic powers and we have complained instead of acting. If there is another world above, it cannot be more unfriendly to us than our own.



Chief Tewaquaptewa and the Author

We will send a messenger to view this unknown world. Time has come for action and to put behind us empty words!"

The old man sat down and long the chiefs deliberated, but as this seemed the only escape from their troubles they finally agreed to do as the old chief suggested. They gathered water and clay and with sacred songs and prayers they fashioned the mixture into the image of a little bird called Motsni, which by means of their magic powers they brought to life.

Immediately the bird asked the council: "What do you wish of me?"

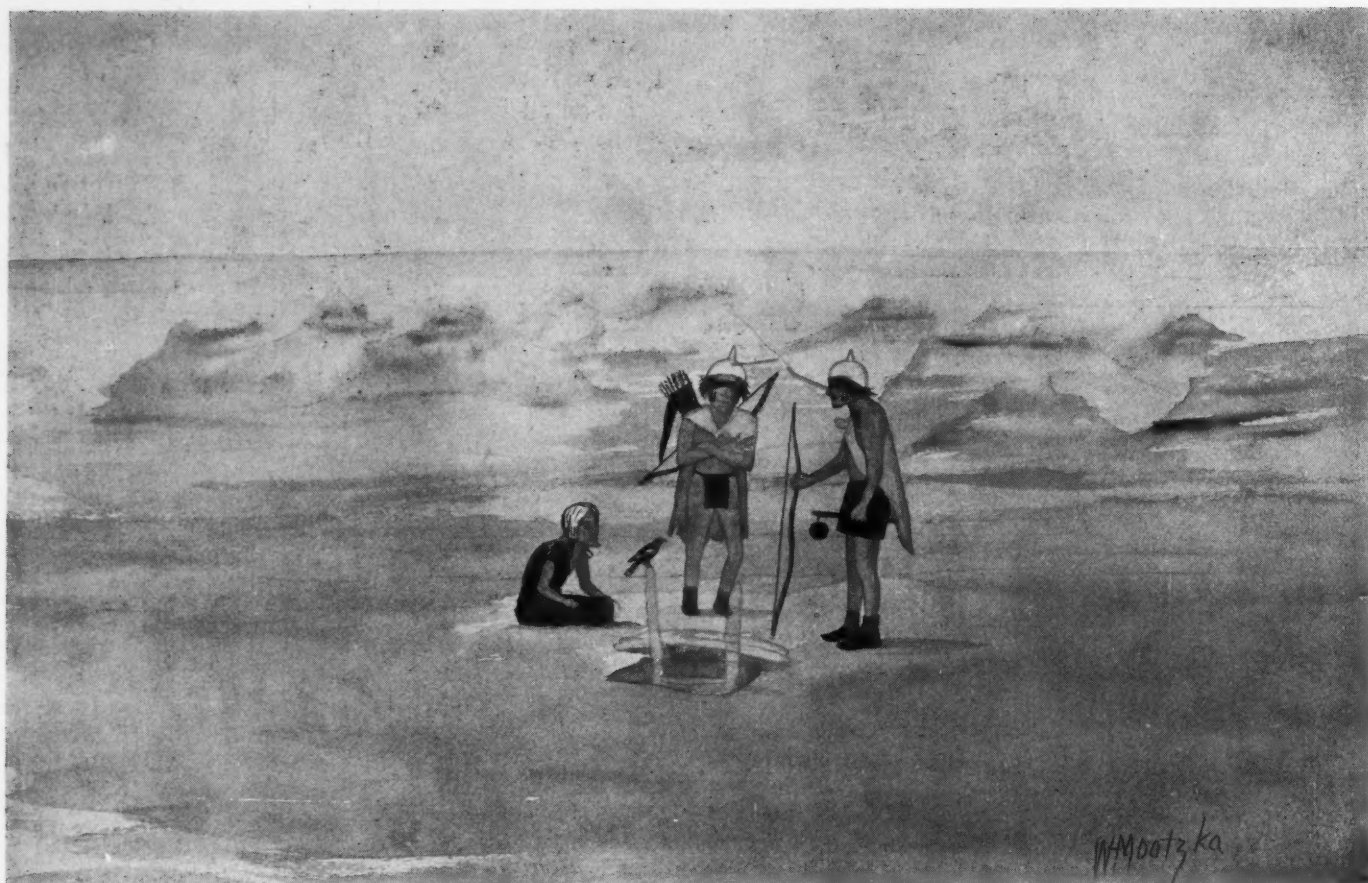
The old chief answered the bird's query. "We are not happy here. Our people are sick and they are constantly quarreling. We want you to fly up and up, high beyond our sun, and search for an entrance to the upper world."

At once the little bird spread its wings and sped away into the darkness.

While they awaited the messenger's return the chiefs discussed what should be done with the bad people, for they realized that if their enemies were to escape with them their troubles would continue. Finally, the councillors decided to cause a great flood and to create huge serpents which would devour all who were not drowned.

Motsni, the bird messenger, returned at last, quite exhausted, to report that it had been too weak and small to find an opening in the upper world.

Again the chiefs took counsel, saying: "We must create a stronger bird." Once more they used their magic powers and



Spider Woman and the little War Gods, Pookonghoya and Baloongawhoya. This concept of the arrival of the Hopi from the center of the earth where living conditions had become unbearable, was painted by Mootzka, a Hopi Indian boy.

this time they created a mocking bird, strong of wing and unafraid. As before, they watched the bird take wing and speed away.

Ever higher and higher flew the Mocking Bird in his search for the opening. At last, just as the faithful bird was about to give up in despair, it spied a tiny opening. Up through the opening it flew and found itself in what is known to us as the Grand Canyon.

It returned at once to the chiefs and told them of the beautiful land that awaited them above and the delighted men made preparations to leave. They sent the Crier Chief throughout the underworld to announce: "Attention, all people of good heart! In four days time we leave this underworld for a happier land. Let the women prepare food for the journey."

On the fourth day all the people gathered under the opening and once again the chiefs had recourse to their magic. Songs were sung over a pine seed and as the people watched the seed sprouted and grew quickly upward until a huge pine tree towered up through the opening to the upperworld. Then the wise men tested it, but they found it was not strong enough to bear the weight of all the people. The ceremony was repeated and another pine tree grew beside the first. However, this tree did not quite reach the opening. Singing more sacred songs, they planted a strong seed and then a great sunflower. When the last-named found that it could not reach high enough it hung its head in shame and since that time all sunflowers droop with the thought that they could not serve our ancestors because of weakness.

At last Spider Woman and the two little war-gods of the Hopi people, Pookonghoya and Baloongawhoya, climbed the pine trees and the reed and so were the first to reach the opening into the Grand Canyon and the upperworld. The

little war-gods then grasped the tops of the trees to steady them for the people who followed.

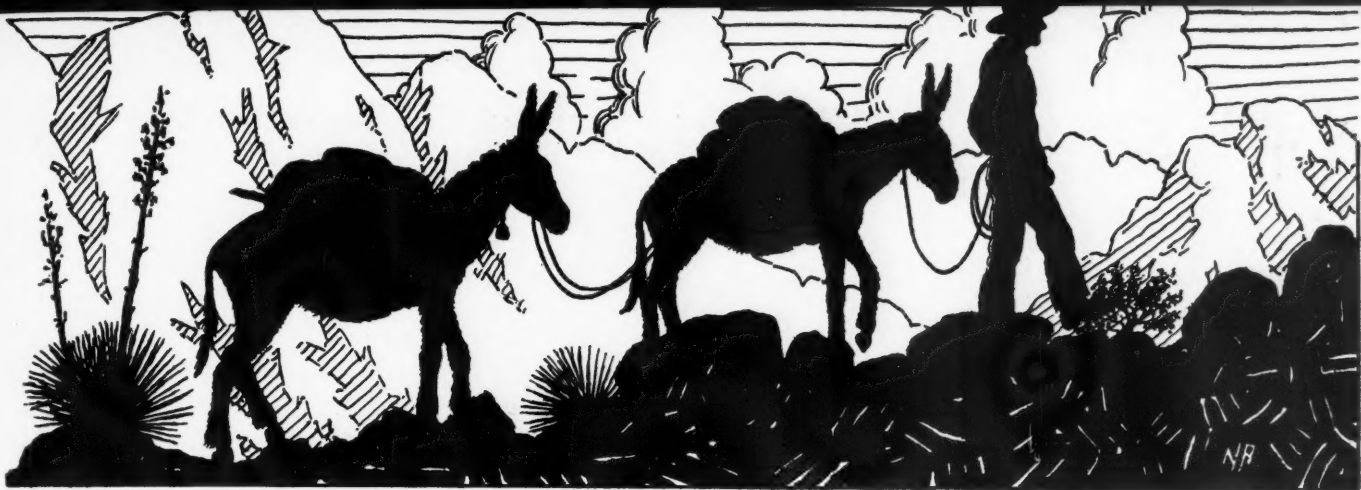
When Spider Woman reached the new world she sat down to watch the joyous people enter into this beautiful land. The Mocking Bird perched beside her and burst into song after song as the people emerged. In their gratitude to the bird for the service it had rendered and in their happiness over the future, the people remembered that song, and even now you will hear it sung in times of joy.

As each one came into the great Canyon that reached high above the opening, the same bird gave to him his place in the world and the language he was to speak. To one he would say: "You shall be a Navajo and speak that language." To another he would say: "You are to be a Hopi and speak the language of the Hopi." Not only to the Indians did the bird give places and languages, but to each and every tribe in the world, including all the white men.

As clan after clan emerged from the underworld, the bird grew tired and finally it could sing no longer. Reluctantly, those who were still climbing had to turn back to live forevermore in the world below.

The opening to underworld we call "Sipapu" and to this day it remains hidden in some remote spot of this Grand Canyon. In all our kivas, the underground ceremonial rooms, and in all the dance plazas of our villages you will find small shrines fashioned of flat rocks representing Sipapu and which remind us constantly of the day our ancestors came up from the underworld.

Other Hopi legends from Harry C. James' notebook will appear in future numbers of the Desert Magazine.



Letter from War God Spring

Everett Ruess, artist and poet, vagabond of the trail, vanished in the desert wilderness of southeastern Utah in November, 1934, as told by Hugh Lacy in the *Desert Magazine* of last September. His fate remains a mystery to this day. But the dream which impelled this young man to forsake civilization for the solitude of remote canyons and arid plateaus has been preserved in the letters written to family and friends. Through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Ruess of Los Angeles, parents of Everett, the *Desert Magazine* is privileged to reproduce some of these letters. The first one, printed in this number, was written to Everett's friend, Bill Jacobs of Hollywood, June 12, 1934:

Navajo Mountain, Utah

DEAR BILL:
A high wind is roaring in the tops of the tall pines. The moon is just rising on the rim of the desert, far below. Stars gleam through the pine boughs, and through the filmy clouds that move across the night sky. Graceful, slim-trunked aspens reach upward through the towering pines. Their slender, curving branches are white in the firelight, and an occasional downward breeze flickers their pale green leaves.

The beauty of this place is perfect of its kind; I could ask for nothing more. A little spring trickles down under aspens and white fir. By day the marshy hollow is aswarm with gorgeous butterflies; tiger and zebra swallowtails, the anglewings, the mourning-cloak, and others. There are a hundred delightful places to sit and dream, friendly rocks to lean against, springy beds of pine needles to lie on and look up at the sky or the tall smooth tree trunks, with spirals of branches and their tufted foliage.

Two small bands of handsome bay horses, each with a bell-mare, water here. Often I hear from opposite directions the deep-toned music of their bells, against the sharper tinkle of the burro bell. No human comes to break the dreamy solitude. Far below, the tawny desert, seamed with canyons, throbs in the savage desert sun. But here it is lofty and cool.

It is hard not to be sentimental about my burros; they are such droll, friendly creatures. On the trail, particularly when they do the wrong thing in a tight place, I am often impatient with them. But when they stand up to their knees in wild-



This photograph taken two years before Everett vanished in the Utah wilderness.

flowers with blossoms in their lips, and look at me with their lustrous, large brown eyes, cocking their furry ears and switching their tails at their fat sides—then who that knew them could help loving them?

I had to laugh a few mornings ago on the desert, when tracking the two foolish-looking pals, I saw their trail leading up to an abandoned hogan and heard a snort and scuffle inside. With all the spacious desert around them, they had chosen to bed down in that little hogan, which just comfortably contained the two of them!

... Now the moon swings clear of the tree tops. The wind is in the pine trees; what other sound is like it?

The perfection of this place is one rea-

son why I distrust ever returning to the cities. Here I wander in beauty and perfection. There one walks in the midst of ugliness and mistakes . . .

Here I take my belongings with me. The picturesque gear of packing, and my gorgeous Navajo saddle-blankets, make a place my own. But when I go, I leave no trace.

The post where I last got my supplies is a costly place to trade. The owner has to haul his stuff 350 miles by truck, over the worst of roads. In this remote place he never sees a tourist, and seldom a dime crosses his counter in a year. All his business is trade, in wool, sheepskins, and blankets. Gallup, New Mexico, is the nearest place where he can dispose of them. He has been offered seventeen cents a pound for the wool which cost him twenty if he will haul it to New Mexico.

The beauty of this country is becoming a part of me. I feel more detached from life and somehow gentler. Except for passing flurries, it has become impossible for me to censure anyone . . .

Meanwhile I have used my body mercilessly, seldom giving way to it until forced, so that I should not wonder if it will turn traitor to me sometime. Anyway as Omar says, "If the soul can naked on the air of heaven ride, wer't not a shame for him in this clay carcass to abide?" That is a big "if," but may the time never come when I have to minister to my body.

... Now the aspen trunks are tall and white in the moonlight. A wind croons in the pines. The mountain sleeps.

Peace to you,
EVERETT.

DESERT DREAM

By MARTY HALE
Steubenville, Ohio

(Written for Desert Magazine)

You who live where long miles sweep—
Where the western sun
Glints on mesquite, brush and sage
When the day is done—
Know the light of western stars,
Love their silver gleam,
YOU can LIVE its loveliness,
I can only—dream.
I, who live a-top a hill,
Watch the setting sun,
Through a rim of locust trees,
And the shadows run
Lengthening, down a wooded slope
To the river's edge,
Where grow brambles rank and deep,
Like a giant hedge.
But I dream of canyons deep,
Gypsy-colored trails,
Cactus-bloom and cereus,
When the sunset pales—
Long for sound of clumping hoofs
By a sun-dried stream,
You can ride your cares away,
I can only—dream.
It may be I'll never tread
Shifting desert sand,
Never hear a coyote cry
In the desert-land . . .
Snuggled in my eastern hills,
Funny—it would seem—
That I yearn and long for you
Of my desert dream.
Cactus-bloom will keep it sweet,
True in every part—
Keep my dream of sand and sage
Ever in my heart.

DESERT CURE

By TRELLE MOON
Winslow, Arizona

They said my lungs were carrying me to death,
And urged me west to gain a brief respite.
They did not know that soul and heart
Had lost the will or wish to fight.

And then, through clear, cold air
I saw the stars almost within my hand.
I felt the strong, relentless sun of day
Or saw it blotted out by clouds of sand.

I learned the beauty of the cactus blooms
So quiet among their sharp forbidding thorns.
I heard the sudden roar of waters in the wash.
I felt the bracing chill of desert morns.

I saw mesquite and catsclaw swayed by whirling winds.

I heard the coyote bark, the wild cat cry;
And I made friends with little horned toads,
And watched the snakes go slithering by.

How soon I learned that distant hills,
Against the glory of setting sun,
Could cure a mind grown sick with worldly ills

And feed a starving soul when day was done.

I saw the giant saguaro still and strong,
And flash of birds across the sky.
I felt the dry, health-giving air,
And knew it was not time to die.

CACTUS

By T. V. WOODSON
Long Beach, California

With obstinate unfriendliness it bristles,
Repelling your approach with all its thistles,
Until in an apologetic hour
It humbly begs your pardon with a flower.



Stars Over Mojave

By MAUDE CLEO GILLETTE

I watched the flaming sun go down;
Saw old FUNERAL squint, then frown
As I picked the CACTI out of my
boot,
And ditched the stuff I thought was
loot.

In the mournful wail of the singing
sand,

I heard a BANSHEE close at hand,
And hope forever lost to me,
I sat me down on a dune to dee.

Lo! out of the east, a little star
Flashed a message, "Oh there you are!
Pick up your pack, don't forget your
hat,

One more ridge, and you're a mon,
at that."

ADVENTURER'S HOME

By EVA CARPENTER IVERSEN
Lone Pine, California

A miner sat by his cabin door
Lazily eyeing a hunk of ore;
And sometimes he'd smile, and sometimes
cuss,

And sometimes he ruminated thus:

"When Bill and me first hit these hills
We wuz two fool kids out after thrills.
I reckon we found 'em. Seems as if
We prospected every gorge and cliff.
And we had to have whatever it takes
To battle the mountains, desert, and snakes.
After years of adventurin' we settled down
Some fifty mile from the ni'est town.

"Then a blast misfired in the mine one day
And blowed my ole pard Bill away.
I buried him out on the Panamint floor
But always he seems to stand at my door.
I reckon I'm gettin' too ole to roam.
Bill lived here and the place is home.
And this is my last request and will—
Just plant me out in the wilds with Bill."

CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LE MERT PAXTON

No strident noise the peace
to mar,
No air defiled by man-made
car.
No time marked off by
calendar,
No structure raised to hide a
star.

ENVIRONMENT

By HUNTINGTON MACK
Globe, Arizona

I live in a town called UGLY!

No ordered streets attest its pride,
Or flower bordered lawns.
Its shacks and shanties cling precariously
To sides of steep ravines
Or burrow crooked footings in the rocky
walls

Along the winding washes of the town.
Only the morning glory vines,
Running in riot over scraggly roofs
Speak of the love for flowers that seldom
bloom

And find scant substance in a barren soil.

Yet I have seen . . .
Deserted smelter chimneys,
Sturdily gaunt and high,
Warming their naked length
Against a flaming sky . . .
And cringing mongrel homes,
Poverty stricken and old,
Their tattered windows shining
With a wealth of sunset gold . . .
I have seen dawn come slowly
On tangled peaks that might
Have been creation stirring
In the gray and formless light . . .
Have seen the round moon glowing
In an ecstasy of pride
As she poured her eerie magic
On the jagged mountain side.

And I have felt flow through my soul
The peace of ageless rocks,
The faith of trees,
The strength that only hills can give.

I live in a town called UGLY . . . but . . .
I live!

GHOST TOWN

By K. V. BENNIS
Temecula, California

Across the wastes of desert sand
A pale moon, with her spectral light,
Comes to the old deserted town
To 'waken there the shades of night.
Atotter with its memories,
The old saloon stands in despair;
Windows, that once were warm and bright,
Look out with blank and vacant stare.
Temptation's tinkling tunes once swayed
In rhythm, boots and slipped feet;
Eyes spoke to eyes when parted lips,
With hurried breath, were warm and sweet.
Ambition's anxious footsteps sped
Along this silent dust-strewn street—
Greed's grasping fingers beckoning
Adventure's light and careless feet.
Love lingers where a slanting ray
Of moonlight, on a cabin floor,
Has found a long forgotten doll
Still sleeping by a long-closed door.
Where gold was God no spires stand
But down in desert's distance rise
Tall summits where, in reverence,
They pierce the silent storm-scarred skies.

DUSK ON THE DESERT

By HELEN MCMAHAN
Pond Creek, Oklahoma

Swiftly, sable-vested shadows
Borne on night's majestic wings,
Touch the grey abysmal canyons
While the moon rides high and flings
Argent glory on the sage brush
And the dunes of drifted sand,
Bringing chaste unworldly beauty
To the arid desert land.



Bob Arnold was a modest little man—a half-caste. But his heart was as big as all outdoors and he had a generous share of that greatest of all human assets—understanding. Mrs. White Mountain Smith wrote this story about Bob early last fall. He died in November, before it reached the printers. His death was mourned by Indian and white man alike—they were all his friends because Arnold was one of those rare souls to whom creed and color and race meant nothing. The picture at the left was taken a few weeks before his death. On the right is the shrine he built on the rocky bank of an arroyo at Fort Defiance.

Bob Arnold --Friend of the Navajo

By MRS. WHITE MOUNTAIN SMITH



DESERT wind twisted a Chindee whirlwind around and around, and the sullen thoughts of the Navajo boy leaning against the old log building at Fort Defiance in northern Arizona went around just as aimlessly.

Now that eight years of schooling at Phoenix were ended; now that he had carried the ball across the goal for the last time while the crowd roared; now that the blaring band of which he was leader had marched at the head of the last parade, he was dumped back here on the reservation to get along as best he could. He hated the place. He hated the hogan and his family living in it; he hated the bleating smelly sheep; he hated the mutton stew and the bread baked on a hot rock. Most of all he hated the government that had whitewashed him for eight years, and then in one swift hour turned him back again into an Indian, a stranger in his own land. He scowled at

the brisk little old man who stopped beside him.

"Just get home, son? Great, isn't it, to smell the sage again, and be back where you were born. Old as I am, I still wish I could be back in India now and then!"

"I don't see anything good about being here."

"Well, let's sit down and talk about it," suggested the 92-year-old counselor. Together they sat on the log step, Robert Arnold, the world-weary old half-caste who had sailed the Seven Seas and tramped every continent, and Albert Sombrero, discouraged Navajo school boy.

"What did you learn while you were in school? What did they teach you to do?"

"To farm and mend farm machinery. Lots of good that'll do me here. I'm going to the railroad to get a job."

"There's a job for you here. The gov-

ernment has work for you boys. Dozens of young fellows your age are helping to build dams for irrigation and for the sheep. Dozens more are working on soil erosion control and erecting windmills. There's plenty of work here among your own people, at better pay than you'll get off the reservation. This is your home. Inside of a month you won't want to leave!"

Albert had listened with strained interest. "How can I get one of those jobs?" The old man told him where to ask for employment and watched him start for Window Rock. How many, many boys had come home, lost in their own country, strangers in their own land, to find just such help and encouragement from Robert Arnold.

Two months later Albert was happy and contented. He was driving a truck for the soil conservation supervisor, and in the meantime he had brought four of his discontented friends to Fort Defiance

for help. Robert's home, almost crude in its simplicity, was always open to these lads. Robert's food was shared, and if there wasn't always enough to fill healthy young stomachs, still it was shared while troubles and triumphs were discussed. The little cottage at Fort Defiance has become an unofficial club room for returned school boys.

The life of this self-appointed mentor of Navajo lads has been such a high adventure in strange places that it sounds like a story of Sinbad the Sailor.

Kipling's warning that "East is east, and West is west, and never the twain shall meet," came 42 years after Robert Guian Arnold was born at Delhi, India, of an English father and an East Indian mother. Two years after the birth of her son the young mother died.

Small half-caste Robert was turned over by his distraught father to a native *ayah*. Each morning the *ayah* took the child out to watch the sun rise over the stately Himalayas, and taught him to kneel at the cry of the muezzin. Today, in his 92nd year he still remembers and repeats the Mohammedan call to prayer.

At Window Rock, heart of the Navajo nation, adventures ended, hardships passed, and the hot wild blood of young manhood cooled by almost a century's passage, Robert Arnold has come at last to the place where he hopes to spend what little time is left to him.

Father to Homeless Boys

His influence on the Navajo boys who return to their reservation homes after years of absence, cannot be estimated. What is more desolate than a young Indian homesick for a home that he has been trained to despise? Pseudo-whites, these boys are returned to the reservation with the smug explanation: "We have fitted you to appreciate the finer things of life and to elevate your people and to better their living conditions." Their own people do not sympathize with their changed viewpoint; they hesitate to talk to government employees, but they can always find friendship and help in the little cottage of Robert Arnold. With his deep understanding of loneliness and bewilderment, taught by his own years of orphanhood in a strange land, he seems to know just how to reach the confidence of the Indian boys. Middle aged men, who were once boys in his care, speak of him as one would of a beloved father. Chee Dodge, wise old leader of his people, wishes there were a thousand "Bob" Arnolds on the reservation. "He is a very wise man. He has never been heard to speak unkindly, and no one would want to say unkind things about him!"

When I met Arnold in the dim old document room of historic Fort Defiance, he stood very straight and still until he

had inspected me thoroughly with clear bright blue eyes. I've never seen more character or dignity in any face, and I was grateful when he smiled and extended his hand. If he had not approved of me there would have been none of the hours filled with breathless tales of adventure in far places; of northern lights and southern seas; of revolutions and religious wars; of illustrious names remembered only in history's pages. There would never have been the pleasant hours spent with a kindly gentleman, made mellow and wise by time.

Childhood in India

Sometimes we spoke of his childhood in India and then I heard of soldiers in an alien land feeding a little motherless boy raisins and candy until he had a perpetual stomachache; and I lived the terror of natives when a man-eating tiger lurked near the village. I thrilled to the sight of stately elephants going to the river to drink and bathe at sunset, and I shared the excitement of a small boy being lifted in the trunk of a gentle elephant and passed to its driver.

For my benefit Robert bridged the decades and touched lightly on the high spots of his career. Childhood passed too quickly in the eastern land, and when, after 21 years of soldiering in foreign lands, the father was invalided home, he took with him the son of his native wife, took this boy, born in the drenching sunlight of India, back to foggy London.

The father knew that death was not far off and he wrote to a former close comrade in the 13th Fusiliers asking him to look after the boy. The greater part of his old regiment had been wiped out in the Sepoy Mutiny. That letter was addressed to a dead man.

The orphan lad was friendless until the Masonic lodge stretched out a helping hand and placed him in the famous old Christ Church Blue Coat Home school. A seaman's widow had direct charge of young Robert and he still remembers how hunger kept him awake under her roof. He twinkles and tells how the penny she gave him each Sunday for the poor box never reached that destination. He always spent it for candy.

It was a stern school and punishment meant that a hundred lines of Caesar must be mastered. There Robert laid the foundation for the splendid fund of knowledge he has acquired. He is a student of Caesar and Cicero; a master of the Iliad and Odyssey. One might say that his manners are Victorian, but he is deeply content to spend his last years among the Navajo people!

When Robert was 15 he was called before the school board to select his vocation and he asked to be taught navigation. The following year he was signed as an apprentice to the P & O line and for eight years faced and fought the seas

around the world. When he returned to London he was baptized into the Catholic faith by Cardinal Newman and confirmed by Cardinal Manning. He lived up to his faith and 30 years ago gave the first dollar and laid the first stone for the Catholic church serving Indians and white alike at Fort Defiance. Erected near the church, on a cliff overhanging the little river is a shrine of which Robert is very proud. But when it was first unveiled and the gleaming white figure of the Virgin Mary burst upon the sight of the Navajos, they lashed their ponies to a run and looked back fearfully over their shoulders! They are used to it now, however, and it doesn't affect them in any way. To most of them it's just another queer fancy of the invading whites.

But before Robert Arnold ever heard of the Navajo people he played his part well in other corners of the world. It must have been fun helping to make history as he did in those days. For instance there was the convoying of the ship carrying Louis Napoleon and Eugenie to their exile in England in 1871.

Companions Die in Boat

England was making great effort at that time to colonize South Africa and Robert took service with the Castle line. Gales lashed the vessel on their second trip and for ten days they were at the mercy of the storm. With 17 others Robert took to an open boat and when they were picked up two weeks later nine of his companions were dead of hunger and exposure. One would have thought the sea's allure might have dimmed after such an experience, but it was the one trade Arnold knew and he shipped with the White Star line. He was aboard the *Croma* when it was rammed and sunk off the coast of Wales and he swam to shore. The Mediterranean knew him for a time and then China Seas beckoned. In 1883 he sailed on the German Lloyd ship, *Elba*. Nine hours later a British collier, the *Sunderland*, rammed the *Elba* and 800 people lost their lives on the two ships. Robert Arnold was picked up by a trawler.

In all these adventurous years American soil had never been touched by Robert. One night in London he saw some toughs attack a stranger and he went to the rescue. He found that he had saved Capt. Edwin White, U. S. Naval Attache at the American Embassy. James Russell Lowell was then the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and between them they persuaded Robert to leave the sea. As an orderly he followed White to Belgrade and later to the United States. Here, armed with a letter of introduction to Richard Washbourne Child, he applied for his citizenship

Continued on page 33



REBELLION

Photo by Wm. M. Pennington

'Feel' of the Desert

By JOHN STEWART MacCLARY

Not every mood of the desert is benign—or at least not every mood of every desert-dweller is admirable. In this petulant face you can detect the discontent that breeds rebellion.

Twenty-five years ago this son of defiant old Be-Zhosie (Desert Magazine for December, 1937) committed the act which launched the notorious Beautiful Mountain rebellion. He took the wife of another Indian—although he already had one wife to bear his burdens and his children.

The episode might have passed unnoticed, had the injured husband not complained to the Navajo agent at Shiprock, New Mexico. Indian police sought the wife-stealer and when he eluded them they brought the two women to the agency pending his capture and trial.

The fugitive and his father attacked the agency in an attempted rescue—and the Beautiful Mountain rebellion was started.

Is the bite of a Gila monster deadly? So many conflicting answers have been given to this question that the average person is all at sea as to the truth. Charley Evans of Phoenix, Arizona, who is qualified by many years of experience with the reptiles to express an authoritative opinion, says the answer is both yes and no. In the accompanying article he tells what he has found out about Gilas and other crawling denizens of the desert country.



Charley Evans with one of his pet Chuckawallas. When frightened they inflate themselves like a toy balloon. They are not very pretty—but they're harmless.

Desert Reptiles Are his Friends

By MARGUERITE NAEGLE

and BERT FIREMAN

CHARLEY EVANS probably knows snakes and other reptiles as well as any person in the desert country. His collection includes many species but the Chuckawalla lizard is his favorite.

The Chuckawalla is a comical and harmless little beast, neutral in color and purposeless in life. Trapped and held, he inflates his body like a toy balloon. This little trick enables him to resist being pulled out of crevices in the rocks where he makes his home. Pull on him when he is thus wedged in a crack and Mr. Chuckawalla will sacrifice tail or limb if necessary to escape capture.

Evans lives on the desert near Phoenix, Arizona, his establishment identified by the startling legend on a huge sign: "I Raise the Dead!" Actually he is a taxidermist and his work is devoted to restoring to life-like appearance the animal, bird and reptile specimens brought to his workshop.

His reptile collection is his hobby. In his odd rock garden he has king snakes, red racers, tiger rattlers, blacktails, bull snakes, lithe iguanas and Gila monsters. Although he is fond of the Chuckawalla, he has an intimate acquaintance with rattlesnakes and Gila monsters.

He believes the Gila is deadly if it retains its hold long enough, which it is sure to do if given an opportunity. But if the jaws of the monster are pried loose immediately the flow of blood acts as a

wash to cleanse the wound and the venom's effect is minimized. Evans has been bitten several times by Gila monsters, but suffered no ill effects from their bites. No physician was called. The only treatment was the application of iodine.

The experience of Tom Reap of Casa Grande, Arizona, was a different story. One of the reptiles with which he was playing, seized his thumb. It was several seconds before he could get a pair of pliers and twist the monster away from its death-grip. Reap died within two hours, after intense suffering. The Gila retained its grip only about 60 seconds, and Reap was unconscious within three minutes after he was released.

In Evans' pens are reptiles of all ages, from baby snakes which have yet to see their first summer, to veterans which have knocked off the index to their age by lashing their rattles against the stones in the pit, or lost them in combat with fellow-captives. The number of rattles is never a sure guide to the age of a snake.

Most of his snakes are natives of the Arizona desert. A few came from Mexico, Texas and Florida. He does not hire hunters because he has a constant source of supply from persons who capture the reptiles along the roadside and on hiking trips. They bring him poisonous rattlers and harmless lizards, and get paid according to the supply in Evans' pits.

Years ago, before his collection was well known, he engaged snake hunters. Only one of these, a Mexican, ever was bitten. He had been teasing the snake

VENOM OF THE GILA

The venom of the Gila monster is secreted in glands in the jaws near the base of the teeth and is released with the saliva. This explains the difference between the instantaneous poisoning which accompanies the bite of the rattlesnake, and the slower injection of the venom from the Gila after it has fastened its teeth into its victim.

The Gila generally is a sluggish reptile, does not strike, and never molests human beings unless it is cornered or annoyed. When attacked it opens its jaws and awaits the opportunity to seize its enemy and then hangs on with bulldog determination.

with a stick and the infuriated rattler had exhausted most of its venom supply in striking at the wood. Finally it caught him on the arm. He was sick for a few hours but recovered.

Many persons who are bitten recover, their chances being especially good if they slash the point where the fangs have entered, suck the wound, apply a tourniquet and get a doctor. Prospectors and surveyors on the desert generally carry a special kit for treating snake bites.

A student of living animals all his life, Evans' taxidermy shop formerly was lo-

cated in downtown Phoenix. He secured a few reptiles and put them in the windows. But his collection kept growing and it was necessary to find a larger home for his pets and so he moved out to the suburbs along Highway 80.

"Snakes prefer to be their own butchers—they seldom eat animals already killed. They are light eaters—otherwise Mrs. Evans and I would find it quite a chore to provide mice and gophers for them." Mrs. Evans is chief assistant at the gardens.

Separated from the rattlers is a pit where there are many orange and black Gila monsters, sprawling on the ground or lazily seeking the shady spots. They are hearty eaters and have a special preference for eggs. Evans keeps a pen of white Leghorns as a source of food for them. Once a week two eggs are fed to each of the 50 monsters in the pen.

In shallower pits he keeps Chuckawallas, iguanas and tortoises, the latter demanding a different type of food, preferring melons, lettuce and fresh vegetables.

Evans seldom removes the fangs from his rattlers. They do not live so long if this is done, he says. He handles them with caution and has never been bitten.

To Charley Evans snakes are friends, and a source of legitimate profit. A long time ago he adopted the policy of telling his visitors only the truth about the reptiles and their habits. He has little regard for would-be naturalists who supply the public with strange fantasies about the life and habits of desert reptiles.

The bite of a Gila monster is not deadly if the jaws are pried loose from their victim immediately.



Lost Ship---Fact or Fiction!

Fabled ship of the Southern California desert! Is it pure myth, or is there a basis of fact for the oft-repeated story that somewhere beneath the shifting sands of the Cabuilla basin is buried an ancient hulk in which a rich treasure awaits the finder?

Many versions of the lost ship legend have been given. One of these is the story told by Fierro Blanco in his book "THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME." Blanco's novel is a strange mixture of fact and fiction. Historical records would indicate that his version of the lost pearl ship belongs in the category of fiction.

Another "lost ship" story was written by Florence Haines Apponyi and appeared in "THE GOLDEN ERA" in San Diego, 1885. This appears to be an authentic record—but since the element of lost treasure is missing, it lacks the glamour of the Blanco legend.

These two versions are given on this page. A new lost ship story, printed for the first time in the Desert Magazine, appears on the next page. The reader will find all three stories interesting—and may draw his own conclusions as to their authenticity.

Pearl Ship

In the year 1615 Juan De Iturbe, after a successful season of pearl fishing and bartering with the Indians along the coast of the Gulf of California sailed north in the hope of finding the fabled Straits of Anian through which he could pass to the Atlantic ocean without the necessity of returning on the long route around the Horn. In the hold of his ship were many chests of pearls.

Reaching the head of the gulf he found a channel extending inland between two ranges of mountains. He passed through this channel without difficulty and entered an inland sea so vast that northern shore was not visible.

He sailed around the western shoreline, but a day or two later while his ship was anchored overnight near the entrance to a great arroyo, the waters subsided and the craft was grounded on a sandbar. Before the vessel could be released a cloudburst came down from the western range and poured a flood of water and debris into the sea. While the debris made navigation difficult at first, the vessel floated clear and soon was out in deep water again.

Continuing his journey, Iturbe eventually came to the northwestern shore, but could find no passage beyond. Several weeks were spent in seeking an outlet, and also in hunting and fishing to supply provisions for the return trip to Spain.

Finally, he gave up the quest for a water route to the north and turned the ship southward again. There he discovered that the channel from which he had entered the sea had disappeared and sandbars blocked the way in every direction. He and his crew were trapped in a landlocked sea.

From a high mountain he had seen a wide channel of water some distance east of the sea, and he sailed north along the eastern shore seeking a way into this channel, but the waters were falling rapidly and it finally was necessary to abandon the vessel.

The sequel to this version of the loss of Iturbe's ship,

is the story told in later years of a young muleteer who was a member of the Juan Bautista de Anza expedition across the Southern California desert in 1775. Two or three days after the Anza party crossed the river at Yuma the young mule driver was sent out to scout the sandy wastes of the desert in search of water. He came one evening upon the decayed hulk of an ancient sailing vessel partially buried in the sand and when he went down into the hold to explore the interior of the ship he found many chests. Breaking one of them open he discovered that it was full of pearls. He filled his pockets with them and instead of rejoining the Anza party headed for the Pacific ocean which he knew was beyond the mountains to the west.

After many days of hardship he reached the mission settlement at San Diego and sought to enlist the interest of one of the Spanish soldiers stationed there. The soldier was willing enough to join him, but while they were making secret preparations for their departure a revolt among the Indians and the killing of one of the padres upset their plans. Finally the young muleteer secured a horse and several days' food and returned alone to the desert to recover the fortune he had discovered. He made friends with some of the mountain Indians and from their camp made many journeys down into the desert—but never could re-locate the old ship. Following his death in later years the story became another legend of lost treasure in the desert.

La Paz Ship

Briefly, the story is to the effect that in 1862 Joshua Talbot was one of a small party of gold seekers bound for the mines near La Paz, Arizona. The outfit ordered a small skiff built in Los Angeles. The boat was 21 feet long and rigged with a single mast for sailing. According to records brought to light by Arthur Woodward, curator of history in the Los Angeles museum, such a craft was turned out in the workshop of Perry & Woodworth late in May, 1862.

Commenting on the use of this craft, the Los Angeles Star of May 31, 1862 said: "It was built for one of the companies starting for the mines, to be used in crossing the river. The Colorado now is greatly swollen from the heavy rains in the mountains, and there is no ferry established at the mines; it is a provident forethought to go prepared to cross the stream without loss of time or obstruction."

The boat was put on wheels and two wagon loads of provisions were sent along with it. Enroute across the desert the teams gave out and the men were forced to abandon the craft.

Within 10 years the ship had become a legend. In 1870 Indians reported having seen the boat and the location was given as 40 miles north of the San Bernardino-Yuma road, and about 30 miles west of Dos Palmas.

In 1870 a party of men headed by Charles Clusker went out to salvage the vessel and what valuables it contained. Local newspapers reported the men had found it 50 miles or more from Dos Palmas in a region of boiling mud springs. Clusker returned to secure equipment for reaching the boat—but none of the newspapers of the day contained any further reference to the expedition.

Lost Ship of the Desert

By CHARLES C. NIEHUIS

JIM TUCKER has gone now. He went on his last "prospecting trip" over on the other side of the Great Divide. He left here his wife Petra, a Mexican woman who had been his companion on trips into the mountains and over the desert for nearly 40 years.

I can still see Jim as he sat on the edge of his bed at the Arizona Pioneers' Home near Prescott and told me the strange story which I am going to repeat as accurately as memory will permit.

A grizzled beard of a week's growth was on his face. He sat erect—broad shoulders and straight back that the weight of 79 years could not bend. Blue

eyes twinkled under shaggy eyebrows. His voice boomed and rumbled in his massive chest like the distant blast of dynamite in a prospector's hole.

"Charlie, I'll tell you a good one. You won't believe it, but it's the truth anyway." Then he hesitated.

"Shall I tell him about the ship, Petra?" he asked the small dark woman with snow white hair, who rocked steadily in the corner.

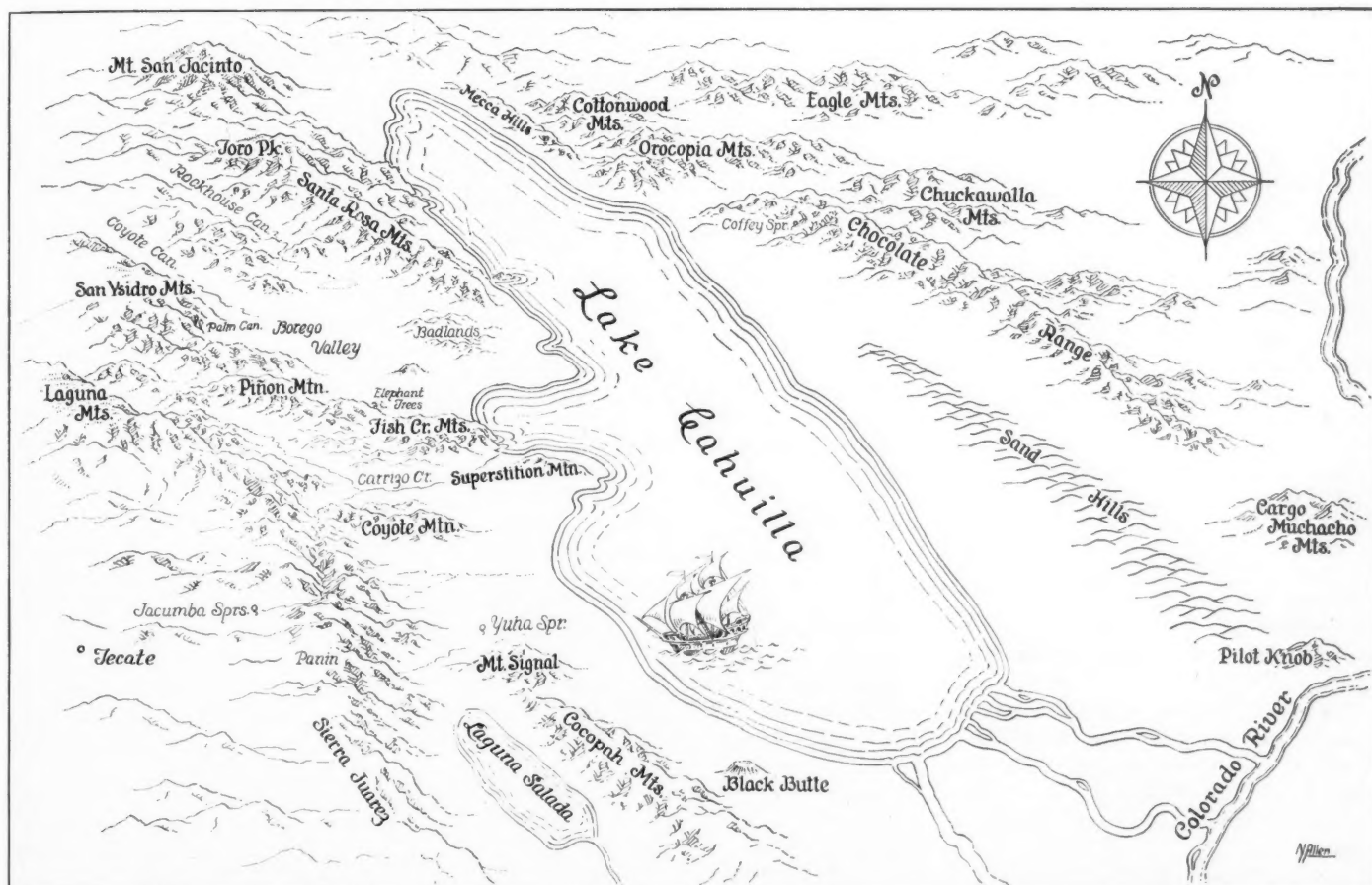
"Si, no le hace," she murmured, then turned to flash, "But, don't tell him where, Jim!"

I sat silent, neither urging nor discouraging them.

The legend of the lost ship of the Colorado desert persists. Here is a new version from an unexpected source. When this manuscript reached the office of the Desert Magazine a note of inquiry was sent to Mr. Niehuis, the author, to learn whether the story was pure fiction, based on the old legend of the lost pearl ship, or an authentic report from living characters. He replied that while Jim Tucker recently passed away, his wife Petra was still living at the time this story was written and would vouch for its truth.

"I'm Petra's second husband," Jim continued, after he had shifted his chew into his cheek.

"Her first husband was Santiago Socia, a high class Mexican from Los Angeles. He killed a man there, and had to leave in a hurry—afraid they'd lynch him, because it was an American he shot. He hid in the hills, and finally worked his way down into Mexico. Petra followed him as soon as she found out where he was hiding. So they lived in Tecate, Baja California, and Santiago was working in a field, harvesting grain. One day a peon came up to him, looking for work." Jim's rumbling voice ceased a moment as the



Indian legend goes back to the time when the basin now known as Imperial and Coachella valleys was filled with a great clear water lake—Lake Cahuilla—into which the Colorado river poured its flood waters at periodic intervals. An outflow channel probably carried excess waters south to the

gulf when the lake reached a level high enough to overflow the silt dike on the south. The accompanying sketch by Norton Allen suggests the approximate shoreline of the ancient sea, with present day place names given for the surrounding mountain ranges.

old man shifted his suspenders off his shoulders, dropping them to his waist.

"Santiago had almost finished, and told the beggar—what was his name?" Jim asked, turning to Petra.

The dark woman ceased her rocking, put down a bit of embroidery, pressed finger tips to the bridge of her nose, thinking, searching that age-dimmed page of memory.

"*Yo pienso*—Leonardo, Jim. *Si*, it was Leonardo."

"Well, Charlie, you know how Mexicans are—they rolled 'cigareets', and sat on their heels in the shade of a mesquite tree and talked it over."

The mention of cigarettes started a chain of reflexes in Jim, and he fished in his breast pocket for papers and his sack of "smoking." The brown paper "cigareet" was soon rolled, and Jim lit it without removing the chew of tobacco he already had in his mouth.

Petra laughed when she saw my look of astonishment.

"Jim, he like the tobacco, no?"

Then with cigarette between thumb and finger, Jim leaned forward and put his elbow on his knee.

Santiago Makes a Journey

"Well, the beggar told Santiago he had a map from a padre in California that showed where Indians had hid some ollas filled with gold dust when the Spanish stampeded them. The ollas was supposed to be hidden in the mountains just across the line north from Tecate."

"Santiago was like Jim," Petra interrupted, "you say, 'Come, Santiago, I know where there is gold,' and he go, right now."

"The peon, he tell Santiago he have to take two other men along, who he live with."

She paused, and finger tips went to her forehead again.

"Ah, I remember, the peon, he was Leonardo, and the two men who go along, was Loreto Alvarez, who had the horses, and Juan Morales and his little boy, about 12, I think—and his name was Juan, too."

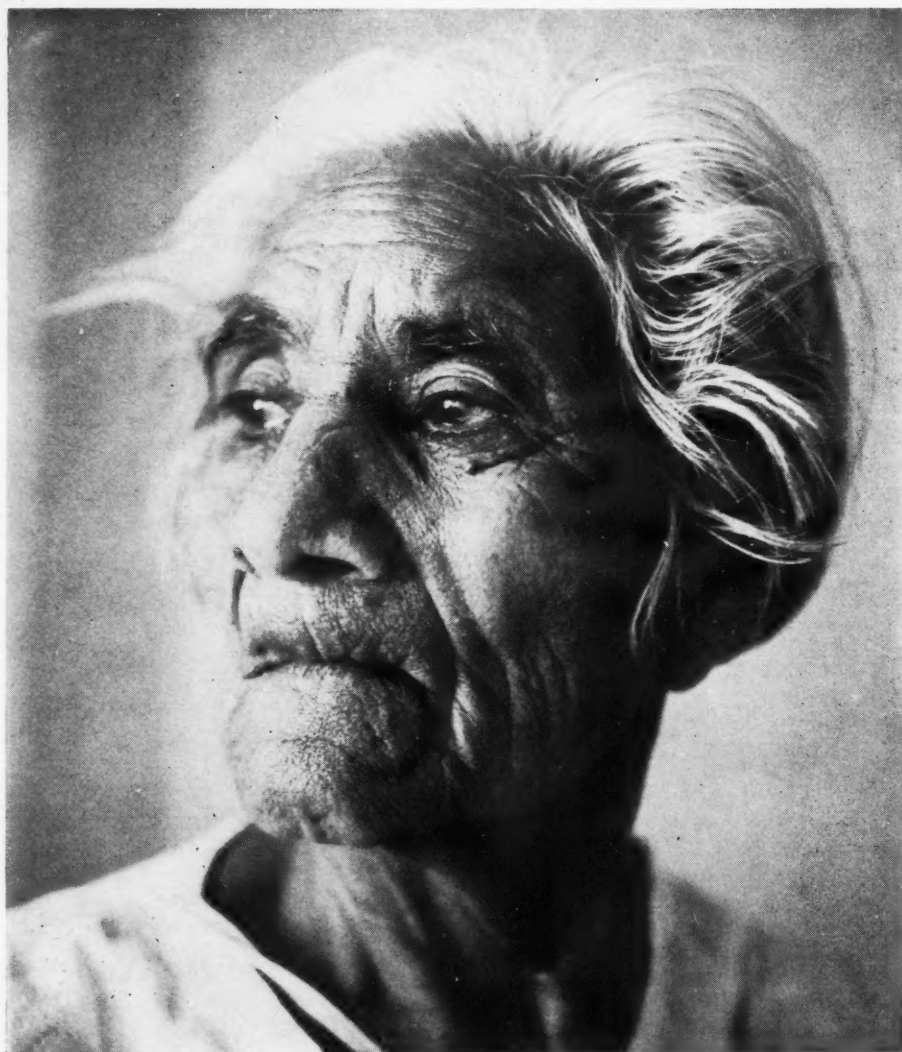
I was astounded at the old lady's memory, and prodded further, "How long ago was all this?"

She turned to Jim, and they spoke in Spanish, and I caught only words that meant years, towns, people; then at length:

"It was 1892," Jim boomed through a cloud of smoke.

"Santiago, he furnish the money," she continued, "and one day they go, and I not see Santiago for almost two months. It was late one night when he come back and come into the tent. He say nothing to me, but go to sleep right away."

"I get up early and was making tor-



Petra is growing old—but her memory still is clear and there is no doubt in her mind as to the truth of the story that is repeated in these pages of the Desert Magazine.

tillas on a *comal*; what you call 'comal' in English, Jim?"

Tucker paused in the rolling of his third cigarette, and turned to me.

"A 'comal' is an iron, or a flat stone that Mexicans bake tortillas on. It is flat and big around." Jim circled his arms to illustrate.

Petra continued, not looking at Jim or me, as she spoke of Santiago, her first husband.

"Santiago he finally get up, and come outside the tent. I have a fire under a cottonwood tree, and was baking the tortillas on the *comal*."

"He not say anything at first, then he say, 'Petra, if I had a chisel on our trip, I could get a nice *comal* for you—better one than that one.'"

"I laugh, and say to him, 'Ah, Santiago, where you find iron for *comal* in the mountains?'"

"He say, 'I tell you something strange. You will say I am crazy, that I lose my water and get thirsty, and see dreams, but it is the truth.'"

"We was looking for the ollas of gold in every canyon where the map show, but we could not find them. Then—one day—in one canyon, we find—a ship! A big boat, in the sand!"

"Then I say, 'Santiago, you tease me!'"

"He say, 'No, Petra, it is the truth of God. I find a ship and stand on the front. It is ten feet high, and the back it is buried in the sand!'"

"But, the *comal*," I say.

"The *comals* was big round iron things on the sides. Bright and not rusted; not like any metal I have seen before."

Petra paused, then extended her arm. Her other hand measured it at the shoulder, and she said, "Santiago, he do this, and say, 'This big, Petra.'"

She again described the sight as Santiago saw it. A narrow box canyon with high sheer walls, and a sandy bottom; and, partially buried there, a boat of ancient appearance—an open boat but big,

Continued on page 25

Two botanists and two rock-climbers teamed up for a day of exploration on the rugged desert slopes of San Jacinto peak in Southern California—and found a precipitous gorge where a crystal stream cascades down over a series of magnificent falls. Although this scenic retreat is close by one of the main highways, it is a place seldom reached by visitors.

We Climbed the Falls on San Jacinto

By RANDALL HENDERSON

I am not quite sure whether this little journey into one of the out-of-the-way canyons in the desert country should be classed as a botanical excursion or a climbing adventure. It involved some of the elements of both, and was doubly interesting because science and exploration make a happy pair of teammates.

The scientific men in our party were Dr. E. M. Harvey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and Don Admiral, Palm Springs naturalist. Dr. Harvey's hobby is taxonomy. At one time he was associated with Dr. D. T. McDougal at the Carnegie Desert Laboratory at Tucson.

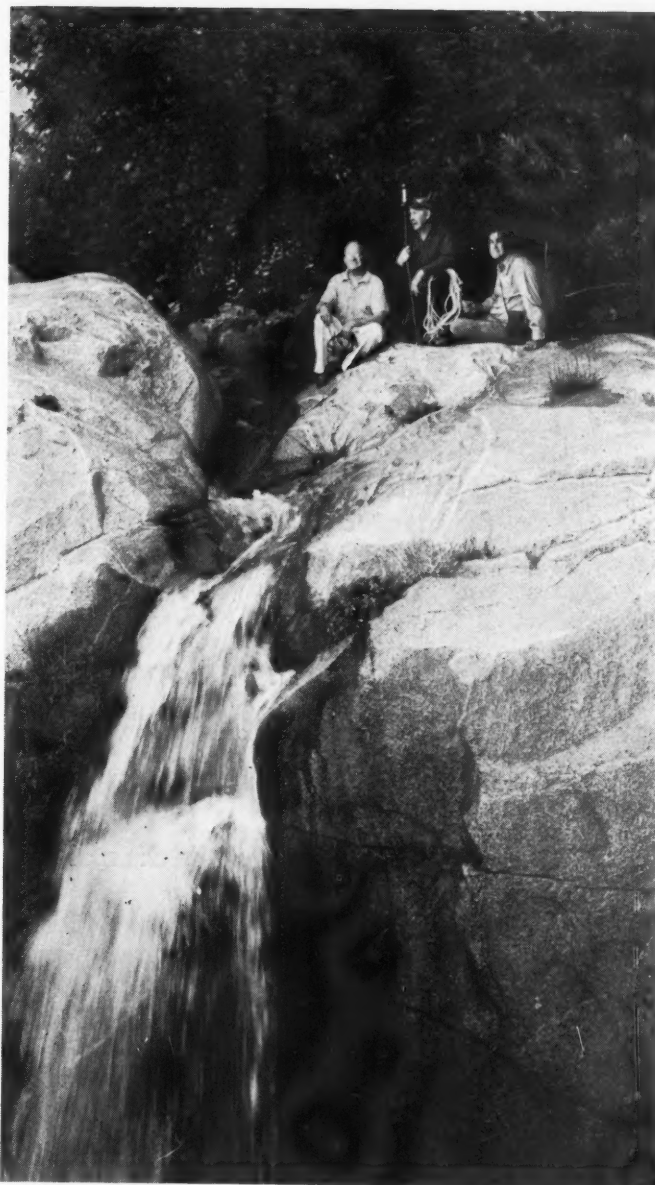
Willard R. Hillery of Cathedral City, California, and I were the other two members of the quartet, and since neither of us ever has achieved anything worth mentioning in the field of science, our roles simply were those of a couple of rough-and-ready rock-climbers who like to explore the desert canyons.

Don Admiral had been telling us about the scenic waterfalls which cascade down the precipitous north face of San Jacinto peak, and so we started out in an early morning late in October to see the falls, and climb to the top of them if possible.

From Palm Springs we took the main highway toward Los Angeles. We crossed Whitewater river and the Southern Pacific tracks and then turned left on the abandoned road which runs along the railroad right-of-way.

In less than a mile we turned left again, recrossed the tracks and rolled across the sandy floor of the Whitewater arroyo toward the base of San Jacinto. We were on the road to Snow Creek canyon, that great gash in the north slope of San Jac which extends from the floor of the desert almost to the summit.

Snow creek formerly was the site of a state fish hatchery, but the project was abandoned in 1932 due partly to the fact that prior water rights on Snow creek left an inadequate supply of water for the trout tanks, and partly because of the cloudburst hazards in this canyon.



Climbers pause at the top of one of the falls to view the desert landscape below. Left to right, Dr. E. M. Harvey, Willard R. Hillery and Don Admiral.

Leaving the river bottom the road climbs the gradual slope of the fan which leads back to the mouth of the canyon. The road is rough and rocky in places and requires careful driving, but presents no serious difficulties.

Our motor trip ended at the locked gate of the enclosure where the intake gatekeeper lives. The waters of Snow creek are controlled by the Palm Springs Water company and the Southern Pacific Land company, and from this point are piped to the desert below where they serve the domestic needs of a growing population.

Our objective was not Snow creek, but a little known canyon which forks to the left. We wanted to explore Falls creek, which tumbles down a steep gorge from the pine-clad heights of San Jacinto east of Snow creek.

We followed the trail eastward from the intake—but the trail soon came to an abrupt end, and from there it was every fellow for himself, over and around a jumbled mass of boulders which can be traversed safely only with rubber-soled shoes.

This was a leisurely trip—it couldn't be otherwise with a couple of those botany fellows along. Dr. Harvey and Don

Admiral were meeting old friends among the rocks—friends with strange Latin names which meant nothing to Bill Hillery and me. To us, a goatnut bush is a goatnut bush—but to Doc and Don it is a *Simmondsia californica*.

From our scientific companions I learned about the life zones encountered on the rock slopes of old San Jac. It seems that on the side of that mountain one can travel all the way from central Mexico to the arctic circle. From the sea-level floor of Coachella valley to the cairn at the top of San Jacinto the climb is 10,805 feet and the distance by trail—if there was a trail—is less than 10 miles. But along that route are found the life zones of plants normally growing over a range of 2,000 miles.

During the entire trip up Falls creek we encountered only one small shrub which Dr. Harvey could not call by scientific name. I want to remark in passing that on any trip to the desert the pleasure is doubled if there is in the party a geologist or botanist or gemologist or zoologist to discuss the significance of the things seen along the way.

While the gradient of the lower canyon is not steep, the water splashes over the boulders in a never-ending series of miniature waterfalls and clear crystal pools—always a delight to the hiker.

Don Admiral searched the pools for a glimpse of trout. Dr. Harvey finally set-

**PLANT LIFE ZONES
IN CALIFORNIA**

I The Lower Sonoran
1—Colorado desert, 0 to 500 feet.
2—Mojave desert, 1000 to 5000 feet.
3—Valley Sonoran (San Joaquin), 10 to 500 feet.

II The Upper Sonoran, 1000 to 5000 feet.
1—Lower foothill belt.
2—Chaparral belt.

III The Transition, 2000 to 4000 feet.
1—Arid transition.
2—Sierra transition.
3—Redwood transition.

IV The Canadian, 5000 to 7000 feet.

V The Hudsonian, 7000 to 9000 feet.

VI The Boreal (True Alpine)
9000 to 14,500 feet.

Plant specimens of all these zones are found along the 10,805-foot climb from the desert floor at sea level to the summit of San Jacinto peak.

tled the fish problem by suggesting to Don that the only species of trout in these waters is *Salmo non-existus*. And

that settled the matter until later in the day when we met a fisherman coming from higher up the stream with 10 speckled beauties in his creel.

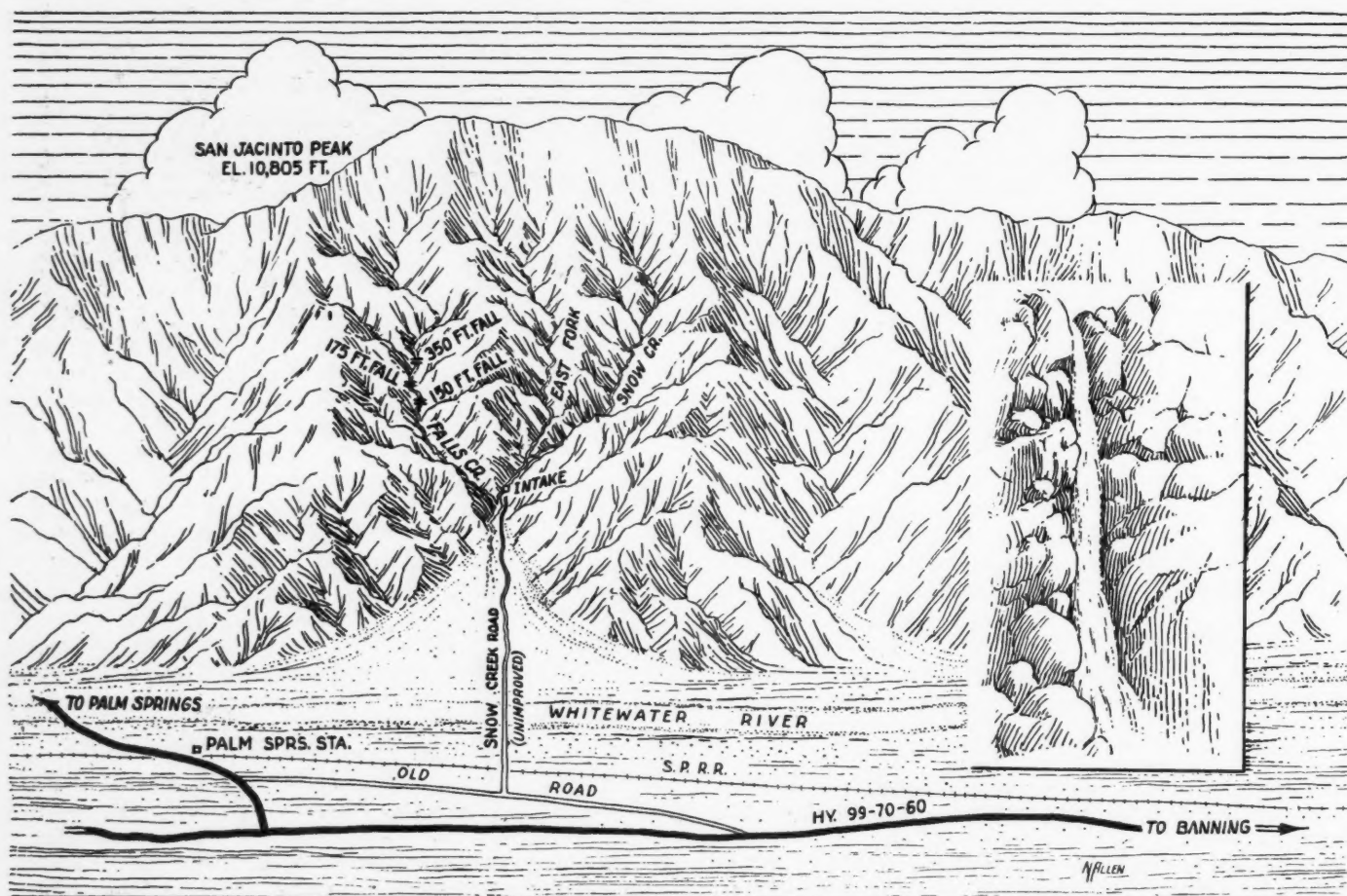
We scrambled along the boulder-strewn creek bed for a mile and a half while the botanists talked their strange jargon. And then we came to the first major waterfall—a gorgeous white spray dropping 150 feet over an almost vertical wall of granite. It is a lovely spot. In a more accessible place these falls would be a lure for hundreds of visitors every month.

But we could not pause long to admire the beauty of this retreat for there were other falls beyond, and immediately ahead of us was the problem of detouring the steep slopes to reach the top of the waterfall.

It was a climb that called for the use of both hands and feet, but we found good footholds and the ascent was made without difficulty. Reaching the top it was but a few hundred yards until we were blocked by another sheer wall over which the water was pouring into a pool almost large enough to be called a mountain lake.

Our measurements were made with an altimeter and are therefore only approximate, but this second major fall was higher than the first, probably 175 feet. Moss and ferns decorated its glistening granite face.

Another detour was necessary but na-



ture had been kind and the climb to the top was made through a heavy mat of wild grapevines which furnished good handholds where the going was steep.

Then we came to the daddy of all the Falls creek cascades—a magnificent drop of 350 feet. As the water struck projecting rocks on its way down the cliff it broke into cloud-like sprays that floated off and faded against the blue sky.

Countless ages of downpour over the rocky wall have eroded a deep-set cove in the canyon. From where we stood at the bottom it appeared that the stream was coming over the bare-faced top of a mountain. We were eager to climb that wall and see what lay beyond.

The top of these falls was the goal of our day's excursion—and it was quite evident the last 350 feet would be the hardest. For our detour we selected a steep chute. It was fairly easy climbing at the start, but as we made our way upward we found slopes of decomposed granite that offered uncertain footing. It was one of those treadmill slopes where you lift your foot 12 inches upward in the loose gravel—and if you slide back only 11 inches you are lucky.

At one point we used our rope for added security, but the greater part of the ascent involved more hard work than hazard.

Eventually we reached the top and found ourselves on a rolling plateau—a sort of bench with the canyon dropping away sharply to the desert on one side, and above our heads the almost vertical walls of upper San Jacinto mountain.

It was lunch time and we sat down on the smooth granite slabs at the top of the falls and enjoyed the scenery as we ate our sandwiches.

Our altimeter registered 3150 feet—less than one-third the way to the top of San Jacinto. I have a high respect for those Sierra club boys and other mountaineers who have made the climb from Whitewater to the summit in a single day.

At the bottom of the first of the three major falls our altimeter read 2250 feet. Falls creek wastes no time getting down over the intervening 900 feet.

On the distant horizon beyond San Gorgonio pass the bald-headed peak of old Grayback was the outstanding landmark. Across the desert below we could follow the route of the Colorado river aqueduct and the main highway. Thousands of motorists roll along over that paved road, unaware of the scenic grandeur of the deep canyon recesses in the mountain slopes between them and the top of San Jacinto.

Leaving the stream above the upper falls for the return trip we crossed over a low ridge to the west and dropped



This is one of the many smaller cascades which tumble down the north slopes of San Jacinto peak.

down into the watershed of the east fork of Snow creek. An old trail follows along the crest of the canyon. The path evidently has been little used in recent years and is in a bad state of repair—but old trails always have a fascination for the explorer in the desert country because many of those found in this region were first trod by the moccasined feet of prehistoric Indians.

We followed the trail back to the intake. According to Don Admiral, our trip had taken us up through Lower Sonoran and Upper Sonoran life zones and into the chaparral or transitional area.

We had covered five miles in seven hours — an easy day's hike, but who

would want to hurry when there were a couple of botanists along, exclaiming over their discoveries like prospectors finding gold nuggets? Bill Hillery and I enjoyed it, even if we couldn't understand the words. Bill and I were just a couple of dumbheads during the scientific part of the expedition, but we took the lead when the time came to climb those rock faces around the falls. We had the men-of-brains groggy and hanging on the ropes when the job called for brawn-without-brains.

If you like the rugged scenery of the canyons found on the rim of the desert, and do not mind a day of vigorous tramping and climbing, Falls creek canyon offers a thrilling reward for the effort it will cost to scale those granite boulders.

Riders of the Desert

LOS VAQUEROS DEL DESIERTO



By ANTHONY BURKE

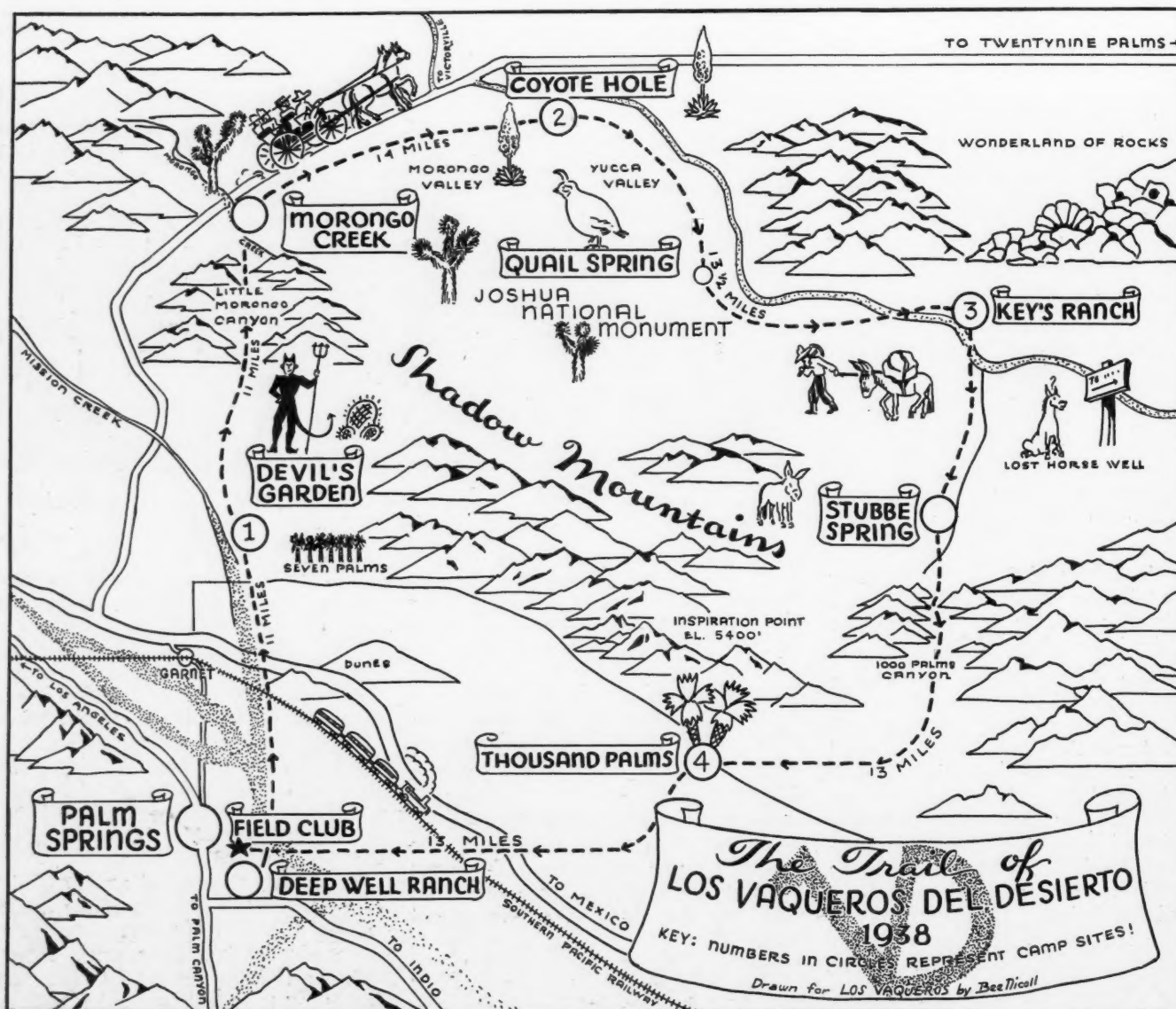
Map by BEE NICOLL

FROM the shelter of San Jacinto peak into one of the weirdest lands under a desert sun rode a happy troop of men this fall—*los Vaqueros del Desierto*. They left behind them the luxuries of the colorful city of Palm Springs to face the "rigors" of a five-day trek into the mysterious lands lying to the north.

The idea was born among members of the riding fraternity

at the Southern California desert resort many months ago. Plans began to take definite form in September when invitations were mailed to congenial friends of the saddle in all parts of the country.

The response was immediate. And so the *Vaqueros* were organized. Sam Buckingham was elected president; Warren B. Pinney became treasurer, and Frank Bennett secretary. An executive committee was named to arrange campsites, food supplies, and solve the problem of providing water for man and animal on a desert where waterholes are sparse.



Such a trek involves a thousand and one details—entertainment for the evenings, lighting equipment, firewood, cook stove and portable tables and chairs. Seven trucks were kept rolling. No cavalry division ever was better served.

Stage coaches and a four-horse covered wagon joined the cross country procession through the Joshua forests. Not all the Vaqueros were seasoned riders—there were lawyers and doctors, innkeepers, industrialists and movie stars. Cushioned buckboards were provided for those unaccustomed to long hours in saddle leather. Yet there was one member of the party, who had never been astride a horse before, who rode the entire 85 miles.

From their initial rendezvous at Palm Springs they rode through the Devil's Garden and on toward the fantastic wonderland of rocks which the government has set aside as the Joshua Tree national monument.

From the floor of the desert they rode to a mile-high mesa—past isolated palm oases, through rocky canyons, among grotesque Joshua trees and up into the juniper and piñon pine. And when night came they slept beneath the desert stars.

They sang as they rode—a congenial group of men who treasured the opportunity for a recess from stuffy offices and crowded pavements. And when they came to the evening campsite, tired but happy, they found a steaming meal of well-cooked chow, prepared by Jack Petras, awaiting them.

Some of the hardier souls braved the chill of a sponge

bath—but most of them returned to Palm Springs carrying the grime and beards of five days away from a tiled bathroom.

This was the first trek of *los Vaqueros del Desierto*—but the success of the event made certain the fulfillment of the plan of its sponsors, that it should be an annual event.

Officers and riders who contributed to success of the trek are officially listed as follows:

EL PRESIDENTE	Sam J. Buckingham
Check Book Boss— <i>Treasurer</i>	Warren Pinney
Round-up Boss— <i>Secretary</i>	Frank Bennett
Camp Boss— <i>Silverware</i>	Col. Cliff Meade
Buckboard Boss— <i>Transportation</i>	Travis Rogers
Trail Guide	Frank Bogert
Corral Boss— <i>Registration</i>	Dr. Bacon Clifton
Straw Boss— <i>Identification</i>	Bob Ransom
Tack Boss	Lee Bergen
Top Wrangler	Earl Coffman
Pony Express Rider	George Roberson
Medicine Man— <i>Official Doctor</i>	Dr. Jas. Oliver
Horse Doctor	Alvah Hicks
Chow and Java Professor	Jack Petras
Beverage Baron	Harry Sperb
Mule Skinner	Pat Patterson
Bull Thrower— <i>Publicity</i>	Tony Burke
Hay Fever Champ	Charlie Farrell
Water Boy	W. Parker Lyon
Vice Investigator	John Pyles
Dean of Wimmen	Don Lake

Continued on page 31

Scene of the last night's camp at Thousand Palms canyon—Photo by Chuck Abbott



So You Want to Collect Gems!

Many inquiries have come to the Desert Magazine from readers who want to know how and where to start collecting gem stones and minerals as a hobby. Because of this widespread interest, John W. Hilton, collector and lapidarist of many years' experience, was asked to write an article for beginners. For those who do not know one stone from another, the accompanying text will suggest a starting place. Gem collecting, like any other hobby calls for enthusiasm and effort—but for those who are willing to give the time and energy this pastime offers a rich reward in indoor entertainment and outdoor recreation.

By JOHN W. HILTON

"**R**OCKS were just rocks to me," said a visitor the other day, "until I began reading the Desert Magazine. Now I think it would be interesting to collect them, but I don't know where to start."

It is for people like this I have prepared this article, and for dozens of others who have written or called at my gem shop with questions as to how to go about starting a collection.

"Why stop at gems?" asked one prospective collector. "You seem to have all kinds of minerals in your collections." The answer is that there is no reason we should stop with gems. We merely start with the more precious types of minerals because the idea of collecting them has a greater appeal for the novice.

Mineral collecting is a large field with many interesting variations. No matter how hard the collector tries to specialize, sooner or later he will find himself bringing home an interesting fossil when he went out to find copper ores, or carrying back some pretty calcite crystals when it was agate he was seeking.

The field is so broad, however, that the real collector eventually will specialize in a particular class of stones. The natural interests of the person and the opportunities for collecting will govern this decision.

Advanced hobbyists may specialize in the chemistry of stones. Those with a liking of mathematics will be fascinated by the crystalline structure of minerals. Many crystalized minerals form beautiful groups while others are found as single or model crystals.

I know one collector who has made a life-long hobby of collecting tiny model crystals of the earth's minerals. His specimens range in size from that of a pinhead to a crystal that will fill a medicine capsule. These small specimens when viewed through a low power microscope often are more interesting and beautiful than the larger crystals. The small size enables the collector to obtain many rarities at little cost.

For instance, he has practically every



Lodestone—a magnetic iron found on the Colorado desert of Southern California. Original discovery of this stone by the Chinese led to the invention of the compass.

variation known in diamond crystals—all at a cost of less than a single carat of marketable material. These small capsules are easy to catalog, and the entire collection with microscope and index can be carried in a light trunk.

Other collectors specialize in the optical properties of minerals, or in the fluorescent and phosphorescent minerals.

But all of this is for the advanced collector, and we are interested just now in the person who hardly knows one stone from another—but who would like to gain an elementary knowledge of how to identify the more common gem minerals.

One of the most primitive and lasting

reasons for collecting minerals is their beauty. The stone age man who first picked up a rock for any other purpose than self-defense probably did so because it was pretty. This admiration for beauty in specimens persists, regardless of how specialized or scientific the collector may become. I have seen professors of mineralogy who have handled rare specimens all their lives, dig into their purse to buy a crystal as common as pyrite of iron simply because it was an exceptionally beautiful piece.

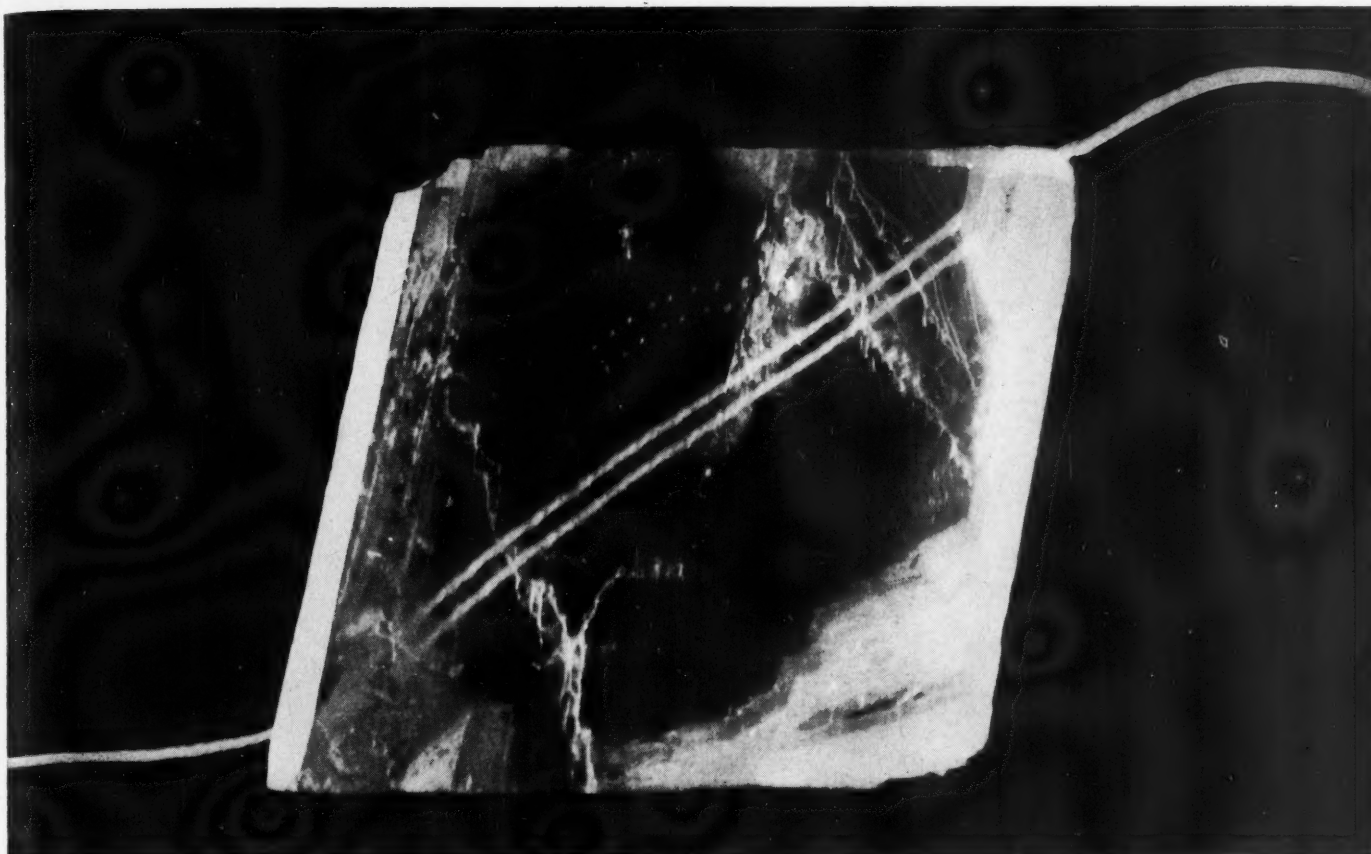
I have met a number of collectors who gathered rocks for their beauty, and nothing else. "I care nothing about the scientific classification or the chemistry of my specimens, I merely gather them for the rare artistry of their color and form," one such collector told me.

Human curiosity being what it is, this type of collector sooner or later does acquire some scientific knowledge of his specimens. Eventually he is on the band wagon with the rest of us, boring or interesting his friends—as the case may be—with a full history of each specimen in his possession.

As a start, I recommend to every aspiring collector a good handbook on minerals and semi-precious stones. There are many such books and the names of a few are suggested in connection with this article.

The next step is to secure a "hardness" set, consisting of small pieces of minerals that range in degree of hardness from one to ten. Any good handbook will tell how to use this set in testing stones. To assist in becoming acquainted with color and general appearance of the more common specimens, small sample boxes of minerals may be obtained ranging in cost from 35 cents to several dollars. These are available from supply houses and frequently are on sale in curio stores.

After materials have been secured for determining color and hardness, the collector will want to secure a "streak plate," which is nothing more than an ordinary slab of rough white porcelain. The "streak" is determined by scratching the



mineral specimen across this plate. Some minerals leave no streak while others leave a mark of an entirely different color from that of the specimen. This is an important test in identifying many of the metallic minerals.

Both the hardness sets and streak plates may be purchased quite reasonably from firms which supply collectors and schools with such materials.

A small magnifying glass adds much interest to a field trip, and a collector should also have a light prospector's pick and a specimen bag. In the bag should be a supply of soft paper for wrapping the rocks. An old collector once told me "a mineral worth picking up is worth wrapping up." Nature spent millions of years forming these specimens, and it is thoughtless of man to risk spoiling their beauty for lack of a little wrapping paper.

After the prospective collector has assembled his equipment, the next question is where to go. Perhaps I am prejudiced in favor of the desert because I have enjoyed so many happy and profitable field trips in the desert country—but I do recommend it as the finest area for mineral and gem collecting.

If the beginner can accompany an experienced collector on the first trip or two, this will give him—or her, for women become no less enthusiastic collectors than men—the "feel" of the collecting art, and help train the eyes to see and recognize good specimens. Soon he

This photograph shows the double refractive type of calcite known as Iceland spar. A piece of string photographed through the calcite crystal becomes two images.

BOOKS AND SUPPLIES

Many books and magazines are available relating to the subject of gems and gem-cutting. The list is too long to be given here, but the following are cited as authoritative publications:

Gems—How to Know and Cut Them, by Horace L. Thomson, published by Graphic Press, 4314 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

Handbook for the Amateur Lapidary, by J. Harry Howard, 504 Crescent Ave., Greenville, S. C.

The Pacific Mineralogist, semi-annual publication of the Los Angeles Mineralogical Society, 6731 Arbutus Ave., Huntington Park, Calif.

The Mineralogist, published monthly at Portland, Oregon.

For lapidary and collector's equipment the following concerns are known to be reliable:

The Johns Co., maker of the Johns Gem Cutter, Sappington, St. Louis county, Mo.

Southwest Gem & Jewelry Co., 321 W. 5th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

W. A. Felker, maker of home lapidary units, 3321 Emerald St., Torrance, California.

Ward's Natural Science Establishment, Rochester, N. Y.

will find he is observing many things not seen by the casual hiker.

We who are fortunate enough to live

on the desert or visit it frequently have a decided advantage over collectors to whom the desert is not accessible. There are not many of the important minerals known to man which are not found somewhere in the desert Southwest.

I want to stress the matter of good sportsmanship in the gathering of mineral specimens. After all, there are thousands of us who are interested in collecting and we should be considerate of our fellow hobbyists. The first rule of a good collector is not to waste or destroy. If each selects only what he wants for his own collection, and perhaps a few specimens for exchange, there will always be plenty for others who will follow. The breaking up of rocks out of mere curiosity or without thought of taking them along comes in the same category with the shooting of game and leaving it.

Another important thing to keep in mind is the rights of owners of private property. Many mine dumps and ore bins may be wonderful sources of mineral specimens if the collector respects the rights of the mine owners. Miners generally are a friendly lot and if approached in the right way will allow collecting on their property. If they take an unfriendly attitude, more than likely it is because they have had previous experience with

Continued on page 28

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Writers of the Desert . . .

It was while he was working at his trade in the Arizona Pioneers' Home at Prescott, Arizona, that CHAS. C. NIEHUIS became acquainted with Petra and Jim Tucker and was told the strange story which appears in this number of the Desert Magazine.

Niehuis earns his living as a barber, but when the day's work is done at the shop devotes his time to his hobbies—historical research, photography and writing. His manuscripts have appeared in Arizona Magazine (now out of publication), Arizona Highway Magazine, Sports Afield and the American Baptist publications.

. . .

HUGH LACY, whose story of the Everett Ruess mystery in the September number of the Desert Magazine was one of the most unusual and fascinating features yet published in these pages, is a comparative youngster in the field of writing. He is 22 years old, was born at Bisbee, Arizona, but now makes his home in Whittier where he has a wife and two-year-old daughter. Despite his youth he has had a varied experience—laborer, shipping clerk, grocery boy, salesman and amateur and professional boxer at various times.

He is now WPA Senior Editor in Los Angeles.

It was through Lacy's friendship for the Ruess family in Los Angeles that the Everett Ruess letters, the first one of which appears in this number of the Desert Magazine, have been made available for publication. Mr. and Mrs. Ruess have been unwilling at any time to capitalize the mysterious disappearance of their son, but they still cling to the hope that Everett may be alive, and they consented to the publication of the letters with two thoughts in mind—one that they might bring to light some additional information about their missing son, and the other, that from Everett's experience other young people may gain some encouragement in the pursuit of the arts which meant so much to their son.

Everett's mother, Stella Knight Ruess, is an artist of unusual versatility. She does blockprints, bookplates, Christmas cards, carving, modeling and is a writer and poet. Her books include *Poems in Trees*, *Los Angeles in Blockprint*, and a biography *William Henry Knight, California Pioneer*, has recently been published. Her collection of Madonna figur-

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley



By LON GARRISON

"Well, anyhow," commented Hard Rock Shorty, "these here desert alum water springs'll outdraw anythin' I ever seen, right down to an' includin' them birdseed poul-tices my Maw used to plaster on me."

Hard Rock tipped back in his chair on the porch and produced an ancient, well caked fumigator that once-upon-a-time was a pipe. Now it was just something that looked like it had been a pipe and smelled worse than fertilizer. He stuffed it full of ground hay that he kept loose in his pocket, and how he lit it without getting his whiskers involved remained a perpetual mystery.

"Why, lemme tell you about what happened to Gene Bank's horse over in the Panamints last year. He got bit by a sidewinder in the leg—the horse, not Gene—an' the durn leg swole up 'til it looked like it was on wrong end up. Wouldn't go down, neither. Gene'd one o' them alum water springs up in Fried Egg Canyon on his ranch, an' he just led the ol' horse over there an' soaked the swole up leg in the alum water. The leg went down like a punctured balloon, but Gene'd went at it a bit too vigorous like, an' didn't stop soakin' in time so that leg got to be a bit shorter'n the others. Gene had quite a time tryin' to get 'em squared up, splashin water a little on this leg, an' then on that'n, an' he never did get 'em just right. The horse ain't got much more legs left'n one o' them German weenie dawgs, an' still limps a bit on odd corners—but Gene did get rid o' that swellin'."

ines and icons has been widely exhibited.

Christopher G. Ruess, Everett's father, is a California pioneer in probation work and formerly was chief probation officer at Oakland. He is a Harvard graduate and is now a member of the Los Angeles probation department.

The DESERT MAGAZINE

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Mines and Mining . .

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

Employing 150 men, the Tooele, Utah copper smelter of the International Smelting and Refining company has reopened. The smelter had been closed since June. A lead furnace of the American Smelting and Refining company at Murray, Utah, has been reopened, employing 300 men. It has been closed since May.

Reno, Nevada . . .

Confidence in the maintenance of prevailing prices by leading domestic metals was expressed by leaders in the nation's mining industry, says Director Jay Carpenter of the Mackay school of mines, in a review of the American Congress of Mining Engineers. Foreign rearmament is using the lion's share of the present copper supply, Carpenter says, with domestic consumption slowly increasing. Believing that maximum production would be poor policy, major operators are said to have agreed to limited output.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

Law to protect the badger, the prospector's best friend, is proposed by A. J. Coss, Winnemucca mining man. Coss said that 16 or 17 mines in Nevada have been discovered with the assistance of badgers. He believes a bill should be introduced in the state legislature providing a penalty for harming one of them. "First thing a prospector does when he examines the country with an eye to finding a mine, is to look at the dirt dug out by the badgers, to see if there is any quartz in it," says Coss.

Globe, Arizona . . .

Mine workers are included in interstate commerce or in the production of goods for interstate commerce and therefore most of the mining industry comes under the provisions of the federal wage-hour law, Wesley O. Ash, a regional director of the labor department's wage and hour division, told the American Mining congress. Small mines selling products in crude form to processing plants in the same state will be subject to the law, he declared.

Phoenix, Arizona . . .

Arizona's Small Mine Operators association is working on a completely new state mining code to be presented to the 14th legislature. Hope is that a law similar to the federal code will be enacted to facilitate locating and operating mining properties on state lands. It is proposed to provide a tax in lieu of assessment work, much higher than the tax on grazing land, "to discourage holding of non-mineral lands and to bar holding mineral lands in idleness." The proposed code will be submitted to the 46 councils of the association before it is sent to the legislature.

Tonopah, Nevada . . .

Manhattan Gold Dredging company has placed in commission a mammoth dredger at the Donald and Cole-Kirchen placers in Manhattan Gulch, Nye county. Largest ever built in Nevada, the unit is said to have a capacity of 350,000 cubic yards of gravel per month. The dredge is said to have cost \$750,000.

Washington, D. C. . .

Silver lining for tin cans is recommended by the U. S. bureau of standards as offering important new commercial use for the white metal. A thin coat of silver, says a bulletin from the bureau, increases resistance to corrosion, improves preservation of canned foods. The new lining may also have germicidal value. With cash provided by silver producers, bureau experts are testing silver for use in alloys for airplane castings.

Silver City, New Mexico . . .

Reinstatement of 71 employees discharged by the Nevada Consolidated Copper corporation at its mine workings here has been ordered by the national labor relations board. Back pay, or amount lost through discharge, is also recommended for the reinstated men, in a report by Examiner Joseph Kiernan, who presided at a hearing last summer here, and who charges the company with attempting to interfere with union activities.

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

Donald C. Gillies has been elected president of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical engineers. His genius for organization and administration and a Scotch sense of the value of profits are credited with his rapid rise in the mining world. His first job was pushing slag pots in a Montana smelter. Then he was an assayer, mining engineer, chief engineer, general superintendent and manager for all the properties of Senator William A. Clark. Now he is vice president of Republic Steel, at Cleveland. In Nevada he is especially remembered for his operations in Tonopah and Goldfield boom days.

Tucson, Arizona . . .

Samples of ores and their associated rocks from more than 200 of the world's famous mines make up a collection in the school of mines and engineering at the university of Arizona. Platinum, gold, silver, copper, iron, molybdenum, cobalt, tin, nickel and other ores have been collected from all the mining states in the U. S., provinces in Canada, South American countries, Mexico, Alaska, Philippine Islands, Russia, Japan, Korea, Germany, Spain, Austria, Australia, south Africa and Newfoundland. In no other mining school in the world is there a comparable display, it is claimed.

Big Pine, California . . .

Displaying a gold nugget worth \$160, Harry Mornway came to town on election day from his claims in Marble canyon. The find is largest reported from that district, although several other nuggets have been discovered there. Increased activity is expected on placers in the vicinity, with arrival of spring.

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

On the Nevada desert near Pahute springs surveyors found a boulder weighing nearly a ton. It assayed \$270 gold and 200 ounces of silver. Searchers are trying to locate the ledge from which the rock broke loose.

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Broad and simple lines make this home harmonize with its background . . . rugged construction makes it comfortable for desert living.

Desert Home . . .

Nestled on the sunny slope of a semi-desert mountain, this ten-room modern home of Architect Kenneth A. Gordon embodies many features of interest to the desert dweller planning new construction. The home pictured is an early California-Spanish ranch house design. Walls are of concrete adobe-size blocks, topped by red tile roof. The porch floor is made of hand-shaped Mexican tile, while the tile floor in the dining room is of San Salvador design.

Redwood beamed ceiling is used in living room and dining room, while eucalyptus logs serve as rafters on the porch.

The house has simple lines, the roofline repeating the profile of the hills. Native vegetation is used in landscaping and large boulders break monotony of the yard. Boulders were also used to make an informal wall around the exposed sides of the property.

The Gordon home is at an elevation of 1200 feet, overlooking a canyon. This type of structure will fit admirably into the architectural vogue of Palm Springs, Tucson, and other fast-growing resort communities of the desert southwest.

The long porch is protected by wings of the house and opens on a fountain in the patio. The broad and simple lines harmonize with the western spirit and the construction assures comfort in desert climate.



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LOST SHIP OF THE DESERT . . .

Continued from page 14

with round metal disks on its sides.

I was bursting with questions, and Jim laughed when he saw me jerk forward with eagerness.

"It's a good story, eh?" he roared with a grin.

"You bet it is! But why didn't they report it, or claim the ship?"

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"The sand is blowing in there, Petra, and will cover the ship soon, in few years. So, look for writing on the wall of the canyon—high up. Too high to reach from the ground, and too far down to reach from the top! It is not Indian writing, nor English, but some strange writing which must be made by the man of the strange ship. Look for it."

"So, when Santiago is gone, after some time I do get a good man," here she turned and looked at Jim a moment, with her hands folded in her lap.

"But, he don't believe my story for long time. Now it is too late, we are too old."

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"We were in the right place too, just north of Tecate.

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"A fellow in Phoenix told me he saw a newspaper account in a coast paper, where a prospector, who had been in the hills had come to town. The first place he hit was a bootleggin' joint, and he got drunk. He told a story about finding a ship in the mountains, and of course got laughed at. Then as he was on his way to the courthouse to file a claim he got hit by a street car, and killed instantly. They always get killed, or die some way, don't they, Charlie? Kinda queer, in a way ain't it?"

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Broad and simple lines make this home harmonize with its background . . . rugged construction makes it comfortable for desert living.

Desert Home . . .

Nestled on the sunny slope of a semi-desert mountain, this ten-room modern home of Architect Kenneth A. Gordon embodies many features of interest to the desert dweller planning new construction. The home pictured is an early California-Spanish ranch house design. Walls are of concrete adobe-size blocks, topped by red tile roof. The porch floor is made of hand-shaped Mexican tile, while the tile floor in the dining room is of San Salvador design.

Redwood beamed ceiling is used in living room and dining room, while eucalyptus logs serve as rafters on the porch.

The house has simple lines, the roofline repeating the profile of the hills. Native vegetation is used in landscaping and large boulders break monotony of the yard. Boulders were also used to make an informal wall around the exposed sides of the property.

The Gordon home is at an elevation of 1200 feet, overlooking a canyon. This type of structure will fit admirably into the architectural vogue of Palm Springs, Tucson, and other fast-growing resort communities of the desert southwest.

The long porch is protected by wings of the house and opens on a fountain in the patio. The broad and simple lines harmonize with the western spirit and the construction assures comfort in desert climate.



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LOST SHIP OF THE DESERT ...

Continued from page 14

with round metal disks on its sides.

I was bursting with questions, and Jim laughed when he saw me jerk forward with eagerness.

"It's a good story, eh?" he roared with a grin.

"You bet it is! But why didn't they report it, or claim the ship?"

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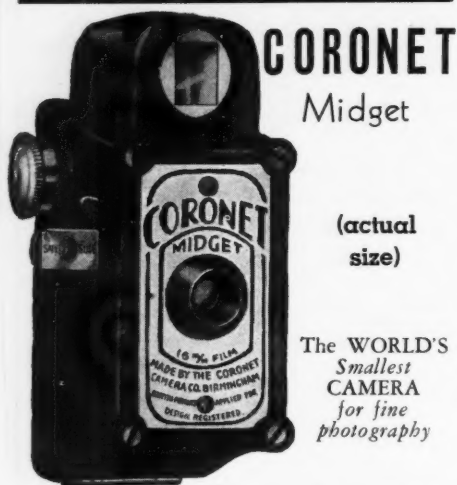
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Chamber of Commerce
CALEXICO, CALIFORNIA

Here and There ... ON THE DESERT

ARIZONA

Tucson ...

Arizona Pioneers society heard Father Bonaventure Oblasser, veteran Indian missionary priest, offer to lead the Marcos de Niza centennial parade next year, dressed as the priest who arrived in Arizona in 1539. Father Bonaventure said he would be followed in the parade by a group of Papago Indians dressed in gee strings, the customary garb of their ancestors of 400 years ago. J. A. Rockfellow of Tombstone told the pioneers of a Scotsman who pulled his own teeth, and presented to the society the forceps used by the hero of his tale.

Santa Claus ...

Between Kingman and Boulder dam, where there was no town for 80 miles, Mrs. Santa Claus has established this new community. She has built a toy town for children and expects Jim Farley to add Santa Claus to the list of postoffices. There's a "Christmas stocking" filling station, a Toy-town Tavern, and Cinderella's doll-house has been completed recently. Mrs. Ninon Talbott is the founder of the community and she is happy to find that tourists on their way to Boulder dam are delighted with her idea. "I am building up the character of Mrs. Santa Claus," says Mrs. Talbott. "She seems to have been neglected up to this time. I have started a gift shop and coffee shop, but the town of Santa Claus is primarily a toy town for children. We will have a postoffice soon."

Bouse ...

Seventeen-months-old Kay Donovan wandered away from home and when her grandmother found the child Kay had a two-foot rattlesnake in her arms. When the grandparent separated baby and snake, the child made a dive for the reptile. Granddad killed the snake, which had four rattles. The baby had not been bitten.

Window Rock ...

Thousands of Navajo Indians journeyed through cold and snow from the far-flung corners of their vast reservation to witness installation of their new tribal council of 72 members. First election employing white man's ballot on the reservation was held weeks ago. Votes were of different colors, the color voted denoting the favored candidate. When Jake Morgan took the gavel as new chairman and the old council was dissolved, radio microphones, hanging over the heads of moccasined, long-haired old men and younger tribesmen garbed in modern raiment, carried the proceedings to outlying hogans. Dashue Cla Chischillige, Shiprock, N. M., councilmen, in a speech said: "We pray and sing every day to get rich. We should study the white man's stock, his herding and his breeding methods."

Mojave ...

In the recent statewide election a full set of officials was named to preside at the voting in Keohan's ranch precinct. Although two judges and a clerk were duly appointed to take care of the 16 voters registered there, when final returns were tabulated it was found that no one in the precinct, including the officials, had cast a vote.

Yuma ...

What to do with 1,000,000 acres of land in the Castle Dome, Kofa and Cabeza Prieta mountain districts of Yuma county? That's the issue with clashing proposals from federal and state agencies. A. A. Nichol, in charge of wild-life work for the national park service, wants the area set aside for dwindling herds of Arizona desert bighorn sheep. He says 700 bighorns are left now in the state, while there were nearly 4,000 in 1913. Department of the interior has designated the land as grazing area. The governor of Arizona, opposed to giving supervision of any more state lands to federal government has launched a counter offensive to withdraw national park lands from U. S. control and turn them over to the state.

Bisbee ...

A huge white cross, 60 by 112 feet, with a 12-foot statue of the Spanish priest Marcos de Niza and a kneeling Indian before him, will be erected on the new Bisbee-Fort Huachuca highway near Palominas, if the project approved here is carried out. The location is near the spot where historians say the priest entered Arizona, first white man to touch the soil of the state. Advocates of the memorial say it will be the greatest monument of its type in all Arizona. Work is scheduled to start at once, following a meeting of local citizens and state highway officials.

CALIFORNIA

Indio ...

Riverside county has bought several acres of land at Avenue 66 and Jackson street for park purposes. The site contains rocks with prehistoric pictographs and officials will now be able to protect these inscriptions against mutilation.

Blythe ...

Lee Harden, farmer, killed and ate a young rabbit. Ten days later Harden developed symptoms of what he thought was influenza. His physician said Harden was a victim of tularemia, blamed the rabbit. The farmer's hands were scratched when he skinned the rabbit, infection in that way entering the man's blood stream. Tularemia is usually accompanied by high fever, aching body. Recovery in this case is expected. Doctors warn against any contact at all with rabbits in this district. Palo Verde valley has had five tularemia cases in the past two years, all traced to rabbits, which carry the disease.

El Centro ...

Desert grapefruit growers from Salt River and Yuma valleys in Arizona, Imperial and Coachella valleys in California, have elected B. A. Harrigan, Imperial's agricultural commissioner, as president of the board of trustees to market their crop. Ike Pearson of Brawley is statistician for the organization. Spread between field and retail price prompted the plan thus inaugurated.

The DESERT MAGAZINE

Needles . . .

Reclamation Bureau engineers are laying out routes for construction roads to Bulls-head canyon damsite on the Colorado river north of Needles. Arizona and Nevada approaches are being studied. On both sides of the river, this area is the roughest of mountain country. It will be a tough job to build roads over which materials and machinery can be hauled to the damsite. It is estimated that construction of this project would irrigate 200,000 acres of mesa land. H. P. Bunker, Reclamation engineer, is investigating possibilities of new irrigation projects on the lower Colorado in the Cibola area, between Palo Verde and Picacho, and in the Chuckawalla district.

Banning . . .

Mighty blasts have ripped away the last remaining granite barrier in 13-mile San Jacinto tunnel of the Metropolitan district aqueduct. Drilling crews working from east and west portals of the big hole piercing the towering mountain clambered through the opening, celebrated "holing through." From Parker dam on the Colorado, across sun-scorched desert and under high peaks, 1 billion gallons of water will be delivered daily to 13 cities, nearly 300 miles from the river. Behind Parker dam a lake has been created 60 feet deep. Great pumps are now sending water from the river to Gene Wash reservoir, first of the long series of lifts necessary to supply the cities of the coastal plain.

Furnace Creek . . .

During 12 months ended September 30, Death Valley national monument was visited by 58,320 people, according to a report by Superintendent T. R. Goodwin. The figures represent an increase of 19.3 per cent over the preceding year, and a jump of 548 per cent above the 9,000 visitors for 1933 when the national park service took on the area. In five years first class highways have been built, approaching the valley from all directions; the park service has surfaced roads to all points of major attraction; recreational opportunities, camping and hotel facilities have been provided. In 4,854 cars people traveled to Death Valley last year from forty-eight states, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines; from England, Canada, Mexico, Africa, China, Panama, Japan, New Zealand, Germany, Argentina, France, Australia, Holland and Austria. In the year, 87 airplanes landed at Furnace Creek airport. With completion of a new road from Beatty,

Indio . . .

Los Angeles newspapers recently reported discovery of specimens of the elephant tree, or "tree of death" by John W. Hilton in a canyon near Thermal. Cahuilla Indians are said to believe this tree is deadly poison, useful for disposing of their enemies. The Desert Magazine (November 1937) published an article, accompanied by a sketch map giving the location of elephant trees near Fish creek wash. These trees were located and identified by Dr. E. M. Harvey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and Don Admiral, Palm Springs naturalist in January 1937.

NEVADA

Tonopah . . .

Proclamation has been issued by the office of Indian affairs establishing 3,721.48 acres in Nye county as reservation for use of landless Shoshone Indians resident in southern Nevada.

Boulder City . . .

Boulder dam recreational area drew 564,800 visitors during the travel year ended September 30, 1938. California sent 218,039, almost half of the total, with Nevada in second place, represented by 58,852 persons; Arizona third with 38,491 and Utah fourth with 26,699. Most of the other sight-seers came from the middle western states. The army of travelers came in 185,400 vehicles; 3,042 by airplane; in 11 special trains carrying 2,510 persons, and 16,150 arrived at the dam by stage.

Silver Peak . . .

Twenty-eight leading citizens here faced trial on a charge of "stealing" the local high school from its legal location on the desert south of town. On Hallowe'en the building was moved to the center of the village. School board members swore to the complaints. The defendants were fined \$1. each, Justice of the Peace Thomas Whyte holding them guilty of disturbing the peace. "Theft" of the building was outgrowth of a quarrel between Silver Peak residents and certain county school trustees. Grateful parents of high school students gave a banquet to the 28.

Reno . . .

Supt. E. R. Sans of the Charles Sheldon refuge, wildlife domain in northwestern Nevada, used an airplane to take a census of antelope in the 600,000-acre district. Result: Sans estimates there are now 3,000 antelope, three times as many as when the U. S. biological survey assumed jurisdiction over the refuge in 1931. It will be several years before hunters will be permitted to kill any of the antelope, he says.

Las Vegas . . .

U. S. Coast and Geodetic survey intends to find out how the earth's crust is standing up under the weight of dam-made lakes. Studies will be made in the neighborhood of Boulder and Parker dams on the Colorado river. In addition, engineers will visit approximately 150 stations scattered through the west and southwest.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque . . .

When the Republicans made up their county ticket in Rio Arriba they had no candidate for surveyor, so they wrote down the name "John Doe." This name went on the ballot and John came within 243 votes of being elected.

Santa Fe . . .

New Mexico livestock owners complain that the government is giving too much of the state back to the Indians. Floyd Lee, chairman of the N. M. wool growers association, told the state tax commission that the livestock industry faces a crisis because Uncle Sam has made "vast purchases" of land for the red man. He wanted a 20 per cent slash in tax valuations on grazing land.

Lordsburg . . .

First wholesale cattle rustling case in Hidalgo county in 40 years has attracted wide interest in western New Mexico and eastern Arizona. Four men are accused. Witnesses testified a herd of 52 was stolen in New Mexico, driven into Arizona and offered for sale. It was alleged that brands were changed by cutting away hair with scissors, applying a tooth brush dipped in acid, to burn on new symbols. Pioneer cattlemen and veteran peace officers were witnesses, told of trailing the herd across parts of two states; later trailed shod saddle horses to the ranch where the accused men were arrested. The defendants were held to answer after a preliminary hearing.

Albuquerque . . .

President Roosevelt has endorsed request for \$200,000 federal appropriation to promote New Mexico's Coronado Cuarto Centennial, scheduled for 1940. Participation of all Latin-American nations in the celebration will be urged, on suggestion of U. S. state department. Call for international conferences of educators, historians, anthropologists and scientists was sent to the Pan-American conference at Lima in December.

UTAH

Ogden . . .

Richard H. Rutledge of this city has been appointed director of the division of grazing, commissioned by Secretary Ickes to succeed Farrington R. Carpenter, resigned after four years' service. Rutledge took up his new duties November 15. For the past 18 years he has been in charge of the intermountain region of the forest service, with headquarters here.

Cedar City . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Radford, Bakersfield, Cal., were patients in a local hospital, following their honeymoon in the Southern Utah Dixie national forest. They received treatment for severely frozen feet. Lost in a blizzard, the honeymooners trudged two days through a blinding snowstorm before they found shelter in unoccupied Duck creek ranger station. Two days later forest service crews rescued them with a snow tractor. Doctors said amputation of several toes might be necessary.

Kamas . . .

Winterton Brothers of Kamas ran away from all other exhibitors at the Western Livestock show in Los Angeles in collection of cash from sales and prizes. They took \$6,000, said they would use the money to liquidate a mortgage and buy a general store here.

Weather

NOVEMBER REPORT FROM U. S. BUREAU AT PHOENIX

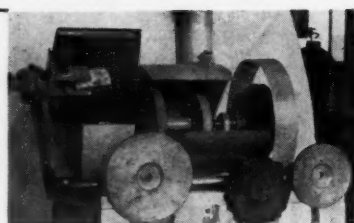
Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	56.0
Normal for November	59.7
High on November 1	79.
Low on November 13	31.
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	T.
Normal for November	0.70
Weather—	
Days clear	25
Days partly cloudy	4
Days cloudy	1

G. K. GREENING, Meteorologist.
FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	59.0
Normal for November	62.4
High on November 7	81.
Low on November 21	40.
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	None
Sixty-nine year average for November..	0.29
Weather—	
Days clear	27
Days partly cloudy	2
Days cloudy	1
Sunshine 96 per cent (301 hours out of possible 314 hours).	

COLORADO RIVER—November discharge at Grand Canyon 500,000 acre feet. Estimated storage December 1 behind Boulder dam 22,550,000 acre feet; behind Parker dam 482,000 acre feet.

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.



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So You Want to Collect Gems!

Continued from page 21

greedy or careless collectors. At any rate, it should be remembered that the removal, without permission, of ore from a bona fide mining claim constitutes larceny in most western states.

So far I have discussed only one method of acquiring mineral specimens—that of actual field collecting. Since none of us can hope to visit all the interesting mineral localities in the world it is only by purchase or exchange that we can make our collections well balanced.

Mineral dealers offer two main types of specimens. The cheaper grades are for comparison and study, and the better grades are for permanent addition to the collection.

One of the most interesting phases of mineral collecting is the exchanging of specimens. There are thousands of persons with this same hobby scattered over the earth, and they are glad to exchange specimens, especially from the desert. Their addresses can be obtained through naturalists' directories and hobby and mineral magazines. Membership in one of the mineral clubs or societies provides an excellent opportunity for exchanges. Nearly every city of any importance has one or more of these societies.

In preparing specimens for exchange they should always be carefully labeled both as to variety and locality. The location from which the mineral comes is especially important for it often helps in accurate classification. New minerals are

being found constantly and no one person can identify all of them.

Several years ago a chemist in Los Angeles came upon a specimen of gray limestone which exhibited some unusual properties. Laboratory experiments disclosed that this limestone could be made the basis of a commercial process which would be worth a fortune. When he got in touch with the friend who had given him the specimen, however, it was learned that the rock was from an old collection which had not been labeled as to locality.

A search for this deposit of limestone was carried on for a period of years. Rewards were offered for information as to the location of the deposit and a free testing service was established to encourage prospectors to send in specimens which might be identical with the original. Considerable money was spent on the project but the property never was located and the process was lost to mankind—all for lack of a label. I merely am emphasizing the importance of marking your specimens at the time they are found.

In exchanging with others, it has been my experience that good specimens properly labeled and packed will bring back good specimens in return. Remember that when you send a geode, a garnet or a crystal of calcite you are sending a bit of the very desert itself—and we do not want to distribute inferior or damaged samples of our desert domain over the rest of the earth.

Prizes for Photographs . .

Each month the Desert Magazine offers prizes for the best desert pictures submitted by amateur photographers. This contest permits a wide range of subjects—personalities, desert plant and animal life, landscapes, scenic canyons and rock formations, in fact any subject that belongs to the desert country.

For the prize winning picture an award of \$5.00 is made, and for the second \$3.00. Following are the rules governing the contest:

- 1—Pictures submitted in the January contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by January 20.
- 2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.
- 3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.
- 4—Prints must be in black and white, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 or larger.
- 5—Pictures will be returned only when postage is enclosed.

For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication \$1.00 will be paid for each print.

Winners of the January contest will be announced and the pictures published in the March number of the magazine. Address all entries to:

**CONTEST EDITOR,
DESERT MAGAZINE,
El Centro, California.**

Death Valley Travel Data

As a guide to motorists who may be planning trips into the Death Valley national monument of California during the winter season the following information was given by the national park service as of December 6:

APPROACH ROADS

From Southern California: via U. S. 66 to Barstow, U. S. 91 to Baker and State route 127 to Death Valley. Or, via U. S. 6 through Mojave to Lone Pine, thence on State Route 190 to Death Valley. Alternative entrances from U. S. 6 are provided by way of Trona or Olancha; the Trona route has 25 miles of unsurfaced road and the Olancha route has 19 miles of unsurfaced road; both are well maintained.

From Northern California via U. S. 99 to Bakersfield, U. S. 466 or State route 178 to junction with U. S. 6, thence by way of Trona, Olancha or Lone Pine. Or, via Reno, Nevada, thence by U. S. 395 or State (Nevada) routes 3 and 5.

From Las Vegas, entrance can be made by either Beatty or Death Valley Junction over all paved roads.

Furnace creek road — An unauthorized and misleading bulletin has been circulated representing this road as being in bad condition. On the contrary this road is oiled and in excellent condition for the entire distance between Death Valley Junction and the floor of Death Valley. Between Death Valley Junction and the monument boundary there is a new road under construction which in no way interferes with traffic on the present road. Within the monument there are several short stretches of gravel on the road, but these patches are well maintained and are in excellent condition.

DEATH VALLEY ROADS

Natural Bridge road—slightly rough but easily passable.

Dante's View—rough in spots but easily passable.

20 Mule Team canyon—good condition.

Salt Pools road—rough but easily passable.

Titus canyon—reopened December 10.

Badwater and eastside road—rough in spots but easily passable.

Ubehebe crater road—all paved except 3 miles.

Grapevine canyon and Bonnie Claire road—unsurfaced but in good condition.

Scotty castle road—all paved except 3 miles.

WEATHER

Ideal fall weather prevails, with warm sunny days and cool clear nights.

CAMPING

All modern camping facilities are available in Death Valley. The national park service maintains the Texas Spring public campground near Furnace creek; water, tables and restrooms are available without charge. Firewood, however, must be purchased, or obtained before entering the monument, for it is prohibited to cut or disturb trees or other plantlife in national parks and monuments.

At the Furnace creek auto camp, campsites for trailers are available with electric outlets, toilet and bath facilities, for nominal charge.

ACCOMMODATIONS

Furnace creek Inn—American plan hotel, from \$9.50 single.

Stovepipe Well Hotel—Hotel and cabins, restaurant, from \$3.00 single.

Furnace creek auto camp—cabins, restaurant, store, from \$2.00 single.

Accommodations are also available in the nearby localities of Death Valley Junction, Beatty, Nevada, Panamint Springs and Owens Valley points.



Pool owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
(Sally Eilers) of Beverly Hills

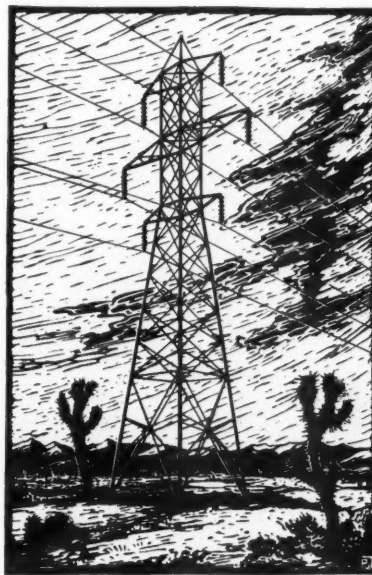
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SPLIT ROCK

Located in the Joshua Tree National Monument of Southern California, Edith M. Brininstool of Pasadena, California is the winner of the prize offered by the Desert Magazine in November for the best identification and description of this desert landmark. The winning entry is printed below.



By EDITH M. BRININSTOOL

The Southern California landmark, pictured in the November issue of the Desert Magazine, is Split Rock. It stands in the area known as the Wonderland of Rocks, in the newly created Joshua Tree national monument near Twentynine palms, San Bernardino county, California.

Split Rock gets its name from the cleft in the top of the rock, plainly visible in the picture. It is well known in that section and is a special point of interest and a popular scenic resort.

There is a cave below the rock, and in it are markings said to be of Indian origin. It is known to have been used by the Indians. Many relics of Indian occupancy have been found in this region, which contains miles of mountainous rocky formations, fantastic and beautiful, including caves, inaccessible canyons, towering precipices, pools and water holes.

This landmark is reached from Los Angeles by going to San Bernardino, following U. S. highway 99 through Redlands, Beaumont, Banning, to Twentynine Palms junction, which is about two miles beyond the Whitewater bridge. There the road turns north through the "Devil's Playground," up a winding canyon to Morongo Valley, through forests of Joshua trees to Twentynine Palms, 45 miles from the junction.

Take the road south from Twentynine

Palms toward Cottonwood Springs and Mecca. At the Riverside county line, 9.3 miles from Twentynine Palms take the right fork leading toward Keys Ranch, Quail Springs, etc. About two miles from this junction a sign points toward Split Rock on the right. The Rock is a half mile away at the end of the road.

Nearest point where it can be reached by railroad, is the Southern Pacific route, from the Palm Springs station, 50 miles from Twentynine Palms.

• • •

LAND OFFICE DRAFTING FIVE-ACRE-TRACT RULES

Regulations governing the lease and sale of public lands under the Izac five-acre tract bill are being drafted but will not be completed until some time in 1939, according to the statement of Thomas C. Havell, technical advisor for the General Land Office at Washington. Havell and A. C. Horton, district cadastral engineer for the Land office, were in the desert area in December securing additional data as to available lands and water supply.

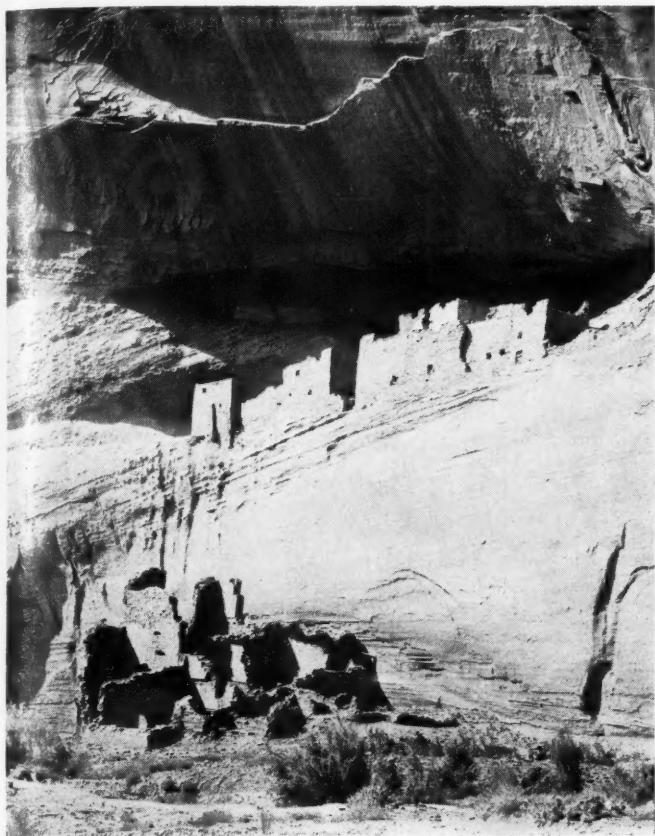
"It is our understanding that the law is designed primarily for those who seek homes and recreational opportunities on the desert, rather than as a source of livelihood," said Havell, "and we are trying to design the regulations accordingly."

Copies of the new rules will be available at the office of the Desert Magazine as soon as they are issued and the information will be passed along to the readers without delay.

The DESERT MAGAZINE

Cliff Dwellings in Arizona

Who can identify this picture?



Prize Contest for January

There are many ancient Indian ruins in Arizona, some of them within the jurisdiction of national parks and monuments, and others protected only by state or local authorities.

For the Landmark Contest this month the Desert Magazine has selected one of the best known of these ancient ruins. Many visitors have viewed the above cliff dwellings from the spot where this picture was taken.

They are located within the boundaries of Arizona, and have been named for certain characteristics which distinguish them from other ancient dwellings.

To the reader who sends in the best descriptive article of not over 400 words identifying this spot and giving all available information as to location relative to towns and highways, geology, legend and historical data a prize of \$5.00 will be paid.

Entries should be addressed to Landmarks Editor, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California. The contest closes January 20, 1939, and the winning answer will be published in the March number of the magazine.

RIDERS OF THE DESERT . . .

Continued from page 19

Cashier	Chuck Abbott
Tin-typers—Photographers	Gilbert Morgan, Frank Bogert Howard Staples
Impresarios—Entertainment Committee	Anthony Burke, Robert Ransom, Frank Bogert
Raffle Racketeer	Hal Kelly
Judge of Kangaroo Court	Mayor Phil Boyd
Prosecuting Attorney	Warren Pinney
Attorney for Defense	Stuart Salisbury
Sheriff	Clarence Beesemeyer
Jailer	Ivon Parker
MAESTRO OF CEREMONIES	LEWIS STONE

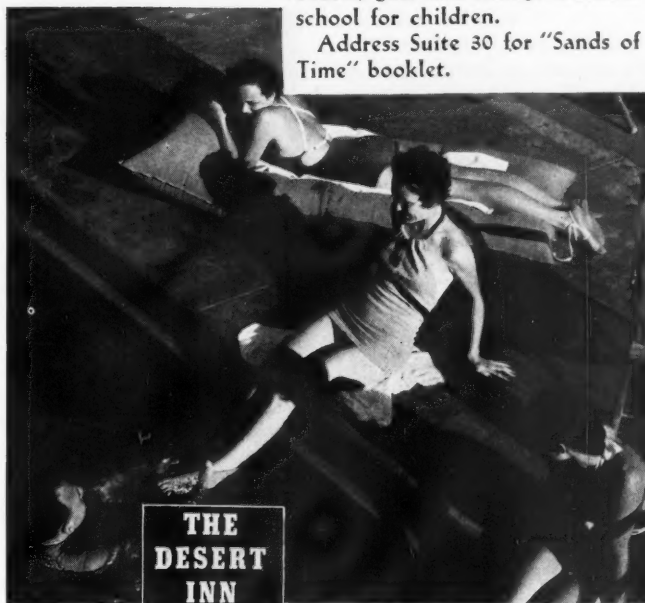
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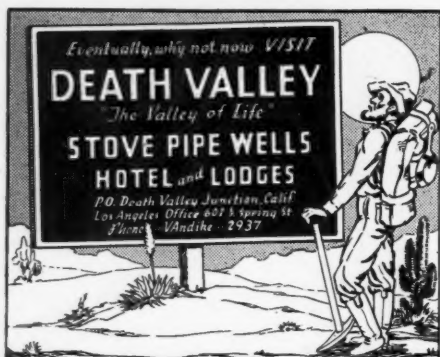
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DESERT PLACE NAMES

Compiled by TRACY M. SCOTT

For the historical data contained in this department, the Desert Magazine is indebted to the research work done by Miss Scott; to the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names;" to Frances Rosser Brown of New Mexico and to Hugh O'Neil of Ogden, Utah.

ARIZONA

ASHURST LAKE Coconino county
Northeast of Mormon lake. After William Ashurst, pioneer cattleman, father of Senator Ashurst. In 1900 Mr. Ashurst was prospecting in the Grand Canyon above Bright Angel creek. Accidentally caught under a dislodged boulder he was unable to release himself, and died. When found, he had written his last messages in a small note book which lay by his side. He was buried on the rim of the canyon.

AUBREY (Peak and landing) Mohave county

Landing is at mouth of Bill Williams Fork. Important early day stop for Colorado river steamers, 250 miles above Yuma. Named for Francois Xavier Aubrey, known as the "Skimmer of the Plains." In 1850 he rode horseback from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Independence, Mo., on a wager of \$1,000 he could do it in eight days. He finished three hours less than that time, killing several horses on the ride, which he repeated later on a faster schedule. Historians agree Aubrey was killed at Santa Fe "in a personal encounter with Major Weightman." Name was also given to a spring, valley and cliffs in Coconino county, as well as a station on the Santa Fe in Yavapai county. Spelling of the rr station was changed to Audrey.

CHASE CREEK Greenlee county
First railroad in Arizona was built up Chase creek between Clifton and Metcalf. The first locomotive ever operated in Arizona was over this 20-inch gauge line in 1880. After Chase, an early prospector. Creek rises above the town of Granville, flows southeast, enters San Francisco river at Clifton.

CALIFORNIA

LONE PINE Inyo county
Established in 1859 by the Hill party prospecting the Iowa silver mine.

JURUPA (hoo roo' pah) Riverside county
Means a watering place; a place of friendship. Rancho by that name granted in 1838 to Juan Bandini, and became the site of Riverside, founded in 1870 and first known as Jurupa.

KEARSARGE Inyo county
Peak named in 1864 by northern sympathizers after the engagement between the federal ship Kearsarge and the Confederate Alabama. Nearby Alabama Hills were named by Southern loyalists to commemorate the same naval battle.

SAN BERNARDINO (ber nahr dee'no) City and county
St. Barnardinos was founder of Monte de Piedad, an institution of municipal pawnshops for the poor. Padre Garces visited the district in 1776 and called the vicinity San Jose. In 1810 Padre Francisco Dumetz renamed it San Bernardino de Sienna, from May 20, feast day of the saint. Indians had previously called the valley Guachama, meaning (according to Drury) "plenty to eat." The county has an area of 20,175 sq. miles; largest county in the world; 20 times the size of Rhode Island. Rancho de San Bernardino was granted to the Lugos in 1842. In 1853, the townsite, 1 mile

square, was laid out by the Mormons. Mt. San Bernardino, ele. 10,000 ft., used by U. S. surveyors as starting point for land surveys, both as base line and meridian.

NEW MEXICO

ROSWELL Chaves county
First settled about 1865 by supporters of the Confederacy from Kentucky and Missouri who came west rather than surrender. (Dills) Vann Smith, first postmaster, named the town for his father, Roswell Smith. Site of the Bottomless lake state park. Eight miles southeast is the largest artesian well in the world, flowing 9,100 gallons of water a minute. Old-timers say Chaves county bears the name of Amado Chaves, a Spaniard who took up a claim in the early days about 13 miles east of Roswell on the Pecos river and for many years maintained the most dependable crossing on the Pecos. By others the name is sometimes credited to Col. Francisco Chaves, a Spanish-American politician and at one time superintendent of public instruction of New Mexico, who had a hand in forming Chaves county when it was carved out of Lincoln county.

RATON (rah tone') Colfax county
County seat. Sp. for "rat."

NEVADA

ORMSBY county
Named to honor Major Wm. M. Ormsby a pioneer who was killed at Pyramid lake in 1860 when his forces were defeated by Indians. County established November 25, 1861, smallest in Nevada, only 172 sq. miles.

COLUMBUS Esmeralda county
Organized in 1864 by Mexican miners who named their claim in honor of the explorer. By 1870 the town had a population of more than 1,000. Five miles to the south the Pacific Borax company began operations in 1872.

UNIONVILLE Humboldt county
Originally laid out about a mile up canyon by Capt. Hugo Pfersdorf, J. C. Hannan and Indian associates, looking for new mines. Pfersdorf, hoping to cash in on his real estate venture, kept the price of town lots so high that a rival town-founder, Chris Lark, set up a new community at the site of present Unionville in 1860. Majority of new settlers were southerners and the place was named Dixie, but in a year the majority were Federals and the name was changed to Unionville. In 1870 became the county seat.

UTAH

PAROWAN (pahr o wahn) Iron county
Formerly Parvan. Indian tribal and pueblo name. Present town established 1850.

KAYSVILLE Davis county
Named after Wm. Kay, Mormon bishop and early settler (1850). Incorporated February 13, 1868 and was a flourishing town in 1886.

NEPHI Juab county
Settled in 1851 by Timothy B. Foote, named for a character in the Book of Mormon. Incorporated March 6, 1852.

The DESERT MAGAZINE

Bob Arnold . .

Continued from page 8

papers and became an American citizen.

Wanderings were not over for the man, who was, even then no longer young. Love of change and adventure led him into every corner of the United States. He was employed in many of the Fred Harvey hotels, and he learned to love Indians while he worked in New Mexico and Arizona. The turn of the century found him in the employ of the Indian Service at Fort Defiance and from there he went into business with Chee Dodge at Round Rock. For six years he stayed with that grand old Navajo, learning the ways and beliefs of the Indians. Here, for the first time in his life, he found time to be interested in women and for a wife he chose a Navajo girl, daughter of the respected medicine man, Clatso of Black Mountain. Clatso was a star singer, successful in his healing ceremonies, and there was grief when he became blind and was killed in a fall over a cliff.

Indian Ways Best for Redman

Robert Arnold does not feel that mixed marriages are wise, but he has the greatest respect and admiration for the Navajo mode of life. Na-so-pah, the shy timid girl he married, made him a good wife and when she died leaving him three children he never married again. His children were educated in a mission, but this, he says was a mistake.

"Thirty-eight years of service with the Navajo Indians have taught me that Indian ways and Indian religion are best for my red brothers. The individuality of the Indian must be preserved if he is to survive and prosper."

Most men of 92 live within themselves suffering old hurts and nurturing passed joys. Not Robert! He enters a room with a cheery greeting, lifting others to his plane of happiness. It is small wonder that he has been chosen in past years to accompany famous people on long trips through the Indian country, acting as guide and friend. Of all these great camping companions he remembers most vividly the trip he took with Teddy Roosevelt and his sons, Quentin and Kermit. Not a dull moment on that trek!

He worries about what will happen to his "boys" when he is gone and they come back from school needing a friend, but he comforts himself with his lifelong philosophy: "I started life with the full knowledge that truth always prevails and right conquers—and that has been my mainstay as I have lived these 92 years. The same Destiny that has guided my journey will watch over my Navajo boys."

The Desert Trading Post

Classified advertising in this section costs eight cents a word, \$1.60 minimum per issue—actually about 10 cents per thousand readers.

GUEST RANCHES

RANCHO LOMA VISTA—Desert Guest Ranch on Highway U. S. 80 at Aztec, Arizona. Quiet and restful. Rates \$2.50 day.

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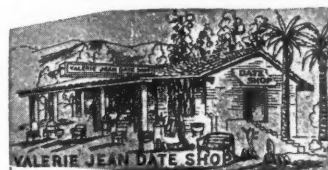
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BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

—a monthly review of the best literature of the desert Southwest, past and present.

SONGS OF THE PAPAGOS GIVEN NEW INTERPRETATION

The song magic of the Papago Indians of southern Arizona is presented by Ruth Murray Underhill in her little book *SINGING FOR POWER*, recently from the press of the University of California, Berkeley. For fourteen months she worked with old men of the tribe to learn their magic songs, which she says have been handed down from singer to singer more carefully than were the epics of Homer. The entire mass of their unwritten literature includes a large proportion of spoken poetry and prose, as well as the lyrics which the author has translated for this volume.

The theme is primarily concerned with the structure of Papago song and its relation to the lives and thought of its singers. Song to the Papagos is not merely an art expression; it is a magic which calls upon the powers of nature to aid in every life process. Describing a desired event or effect in exquisite simple terms is to them the means by which to bring about the wished for result. Rain is the undertone and overtone of all their song magic. "To them rain is endued with a life-giving loveliness: it is life itself. The songs deal with the animals who flash to and fro on the desert, at home in its ways as man can never be. They deal with the springing beauty of the corn and they speak almost with the amazed rapture that the birds and animals might feel, had they found this means to make food grow at their feet, instead of having to hunt for it over the thirsting desert."

Only the men who have proved themselves worthy by virtue of extreme tests and endurance are able to "receive" magic power and the visions in which songs are "given." The chapters which describe the quests of a Papago brave for song magic are especially noteworthy for their exposition of Indian philosophy.

During the past generation much change has taken place, but in Papagoland songs are still being dreamed, and "until the old men who knew the other ways are gone the core of the ancient life will remain."

LUCILE HARRIS.

BETTER INSIGHT INTO THE LIFE OF THE NAVAJO

One of the most fertile fields for writers on Indian life and affairs of today is Navajoland. Fiction and essays, juveniles and travel books, poetry and picture — all are devoting their best efforts to a true portrayal of the picturesque redman of New Mexico and Arizona, the Navajo.

THE UNVANISHING NAVAJOS by Mrs. Belle Shafer Sullivan, published by Dorrance & Co. is a veritable treasure house of information with regard to the life of this redoubtable people.

The mesa country cut by deep canyons, the sheer heights of their mountains, the dryness of the region have made living a precarious struggle for a group which nevertheless records a surprising and rapid increase in population. The multiplying herds of sheep and goats have become problems of the tribal council and soil conservation has become the task of these leaders working with the U. S. government engineers.

Mrs. Sullivan's account of the country is alluring to the traveler and yet written without a trace of sentimentality. She knows the whole region she describes, she realizes the

odds of weather and soil against which the people must fight, and yet she arouses in her reader an insistent urge to penetrate for one's own self the remote canyons and the wide stretches of Navajoland. She makes little reference to the ceremonials, to the philosophy and to the spiritual life of these quiet people. Her emphasis is rather on the influence of the natural setting on the economic life and interests of the people.

The account of the rug industry is especially well done both from a historical standpoint as well as from the appreciative.

The style of the book is excellent. The treatment of the whole subject is dignified, restrained and practical. It offers good reading, delightful travel hours, abundant information and is accompanied throughout by attractive photographs taken by the author herself.

SUENNA HAMMERLY.

NEW HANDBOOK OUT FOR AMATEUR CACTI COLLECTOR

Scott E. Haselton warns his readers that "Cactitis is that horrible disease that overcomes any plant lover after he has discovered the beauty and interest in growing cacti." After reading his *CACTI FOR THE AMATEUR*, the infectiousness of such a delightful affliction becomes quite apparent. This guide for cactus collectors has been published by the author at the Abbey Garden Press, Pasadena, California.

The profuse illustrations, including 110 cacti in color, will first arouse interest in cactus collecting. As the author reveals the fascinations of this living hobby, one reads more and more eagerly about the believe-it-or-not family. When he tells how to start a collection, how to catalog and label acquisitions, how to grow and propagate them and how to organize clubs for fellow-collectors, the reader is moved to start right out for his first specimen. It may be a tiny button cactus or giant saguaro. In either event, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that his hobby subject is without a rival in the contrast of fantastic form and exquisite flowers . . . At that point Cactitis will have found a new "victim."

The layman particularly will find interest in the discussion of the place of cacti in the botanical world, their relation to other plants and their geographical distribution. Those who have heretofore avoided scientific names will come to know the importance and logic of those names for accuracy and consistency.

The chapters on building a collection and on culture and propagation will be as valuable a reference for those who have already started collections as for the beginners. After outlining the principles of collecting, Haselton details plans for organizing clubs for exchange and study, even down to suggested by-laws.

The material on general and special cultures is accompanied by many excellent photographs and "how to" sketches. The greatest thrills will probably come to the grower who ventures into the field of grafting. The section on its technique is one of the most valuable in the book, and was contributed by Frank R. Mark, who is the first cactophile to record in detail the method of grafting.

For one who is starting a collection *CACTI FOR THE AMATEUR* will be a good answer-book. The subject matter has been condensed to basic facts, and the pictures gathered from all over the world have been selected for their

practical aid in identifying species and explaining cultural processes.

Mr. Haselton, who is editor of the *Cactus and Succulent Journal*, publication of the Cactus and Succulent Society of America, has compiled a handbook of unusual value to cactus hobbyists.

BALLADS OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER NOW IN PRINT

Cowboys who rode the trail during that period in the late eighties' when millions of head of cattle were being driven north from Texas to markets in Kansas, Wyoming and Montana, followed the herd with a song on their lips.

It was during that period when many of today's popular ballads of the range were "made up" by the punchers as they rode herd during the day, or around the campfires at night.

For three years John A. Lomax from Harvard university traveled on horseback and occasionally on foot through the range country recording these songs on the wax cylinders of a phonograph.

In 1910 he published *COWBOY SONGS AND OTHER FRONTIER BALLADS*, the first copyrighted collection of American range ballads. Among the songs in that book was "Home on the Range," which remained unnoticed 20 years before it was "discovered" and given to the public.

During the past three months a new edition of *COWBOY SONGS*, which includes the best songs from the original book and many tunes and verses which have come to light since 1910 has been completed by John A. and Alan Lomax and published by The MacMillan Company, New York and San Francisco.

The new volume, containing 207 songs, with music edited by Edward N. Waters of the Music Division of the Library of Congress, is without question the most complete collection of native American ballads ever compiled and no doubt will be the source of many new song hits for the radio audiences of the future.

For the preservation of these heretofore unwritten folk songs of the western frontier, the men who prepared this volume deserve the gratitude of all Americans. R. H.

WHEN OUTLAWS REIGNED IN THE DESERT REGION

The banditry of Butch Cassidy and his hard-riding gunmen of the intermountain region of the west between 1885 and 1900 have supplied no end of material for novel and short story writers.

But it has remained for Charles Kelly of Salt Lake City to produce an authentic history of these men and their exploits. Kelly's new book *OUTLAW TRAIL*, which came off the press at Salt Lake City in November, is the result of many years of painstaking research.

It is not a simple matter for a law-abiding citizen to write accurately about the secret operations of a gang of bandits of a previous generation. And yet Kelly's story, pieced together from court records and newspaper files, and from information given by surviving residents of the area in which the outlaws operated, appears to be as accurate and complete as would be possible under the circumstances.

The outlaw trail extended from the Mexican border north through New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Colorado and Wyoming. The main hideouts of the robbers were the notorious Brown's Hole, Robber's Roost and Hole-in-the-Wall. From these points Cassidy and his "Wild Bunch" rode forth to rob banks and payrolls and trains practically without interference from the law.

So much fiction has been written about the outlaw days in western history, Kelly's book will be a welcome addition to the libraries of

those who would like to know and preserve the facts about the men who played leading roles in this period of American life.

HUGHES COMPLETES STORY OF SAN GORGONIO PASS

When Dr. Isaac Smith came to San Gorgonio pass in Southern California in 1853 he found the country populated with Indians, grizzly bears and antelope. Paulino Weaver was living with the Indians and had a third interest in a land grant which included most of the plateau between San Jacinto mountains on the south and San Bernardino mountains on the north.

Dr. Smith bought Weaver's equity, brought in his wife and seven children, and became the first white American to establish permanent residence as a farmer in the Pass.

The contribution made by Dr. Smith and all others who have played important roles in the business and community life of Banning and vicinity is presented in chronological order in *HISTORY OF BANNING AND SAN GORGONIO PASS*, compiled by Tom Hughes and published by the Banning Record recently.

Not every community is fortunate enough to have a historian as thorough as Hughes. The financial reward for the years of research necessary to compile such a volume is nil, but present and former residents of the Pass country will appreciate the completeness of this book, and Tom Hughes will have the satisfaction of a hard job well done.

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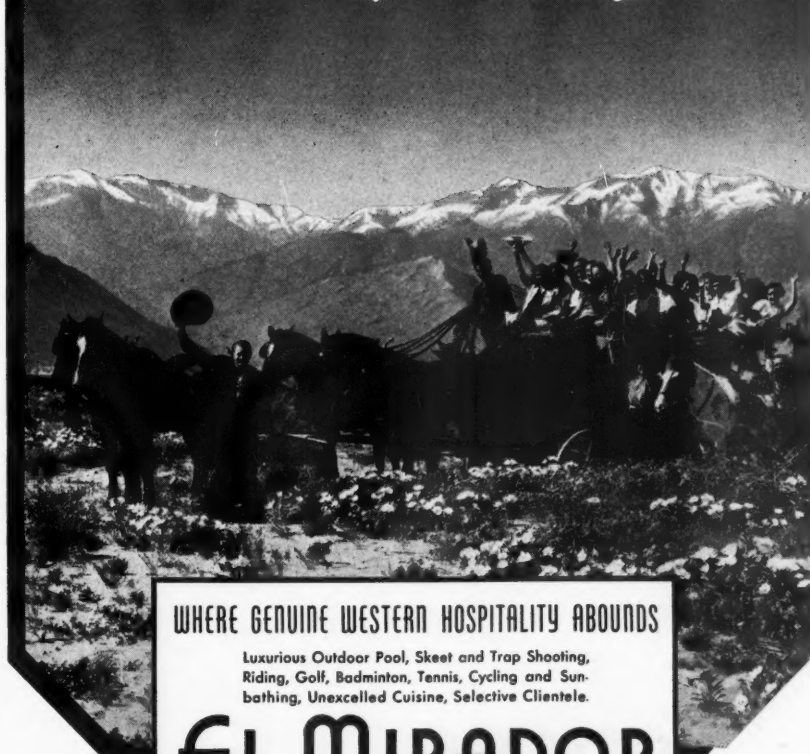
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BY RANDALL HENDERSON

SOME of my friends in the Sierra club came out from Los Angeles to spend Thanksgiving weekend on the desert. We camped two nights on the edge of the sand dunes in the Devil's Playground near Kelso on the Mojave desert, and then drove through a pass in the Providence mountains for a day at the Mitchell caverns.

By Webster's definition, these Sierrans from the big-city-of-hurry-and-worry might be classed as tenderfeet in the desert country. They are lawyers and teachers and doctors and salesmen who work in offices and classrooms and stores. But the truth is that they are more at home on the desert than many of the permanent dwellers in the arid region.

* * *

The word tenderfoot, according to actual usage among frontier people applies not so much to the term of residence as to the temper of the individual. I have known people who spent 20 years on the desert—and still were tenderfeet at heart. They feared and hated the land where they lived—it was an exile from which they sought to escape at every opportunity. They were unfortunate souls who lacked the power to penetrate the mask and discover the peace and beauty which lies beyond. Of course they were unhappy.

But there also are those who become proteges of the desert without ever having had the privilege of residing in the arid domain. They miss no opportunity to explore the hidden canyons and make friends with the living things on the waterless plains.

* * *

We unrolled our sleeping bags in a sandy arroyo and gathered dead wood for a big campfire where the evening was spent in song and tales of the outdoors. It was cold—there was a half-inch of ice in the water containers the next morning—but the Sierrans are seasoned campers who laugh at petty hardships. To them, the thrill of a night under the desert stars is reward enough for a 300-mile motor trip.

Folks who do that kind of thing are not tenderfeet.

* * *

The laugh of the month is the news story from Washington to the effect that the Germans have sent agents to the western Indian reservations to gain recruits for the Nazi organization in the United States.

I am not quite sure whether the joke is on John Collier, Indian commissioner who gave out the story—or on the disciples of Herr Hitler.

Of all people on earth, the American Indian will be last to accept the dictates of a Hitler. It has been hard enough for the original Americans to reconcile themselves to the white man's democracy. If the time ever comes when they are

asked to accept the regimentation of a dictator, European style—well, it's just contrary to nature.

I am inclined to give Mr. Collier the benefit of the doubt. Those Nazis seem to have no sense of humor at all—and they might even be so foolish as to imagine they could make a Navajo medicine man chant "Heil Hitler" at a tribal healing ceremony.

* * *

Where, in Imperial county, California is the location of a valley and a peak named Hetten Chow or Ketten Chow? Recently I ran across these names in the excellent little book "California Spanish and Indian Place Names" compiled by Laura Kelly McNary. I thought I knew every butte and barranca in the Southern California desert—but here are new ones. Will some one please tell me? Incidentally, I want to commend Miss McNary for the fine research work she has done in compiling her book.

* * *

Here's a happy solution for those who are appalled at the thought of mastering all those tongue-twisting names the scientists have given to the various species of cacti which grow on the desert.

I found the answer in George Wharton James' "Wonders of the Colorado Desert." James said he once asked an old Colorado desert prospector how many varieties of cactus he was familiar with.

"By gosh," said the prospector, "you city fellers have no idea how many kinds we got. I know every one of 'em. There's the—'Full of stickers,' 'All stickers,' 'Never-fail stickers,' 'Stick everybody,' 'The stick and stay in,' 'The sharp stickers,' 'The extra sharp stickers,' 'Big stickers,' 'Little stickers,' 'Big and little stickers,' 'Stick while you sleep,' 'Stick while you wait,' 'Stick 'em alive,' 'Stick 'em dead,' 'Stick unexpectedly,' 'Stick anyhow,' 'Stick through leather,' 'Stick through anything,' 'The stick in and never come out,' 'The stick and fester,' 'The cat's claws cactus,' 'The barbed fishhook cactus,' 'The rattlesnake's fangs cactus,' 'The stick seven ways at once cactus,' 'The impartial sticker,' 'The democratic sticker,' 'The deep sticker,' and a few others."

* * *

And now it is my unpleasant duty to throw a brickbat at one of my fellow craftsmen—a printer. One of them has flooded the desert country with bright-hued tourist postcards bearing the picture of a Joshua tree—and above the picture is the title "Joshua Palm of the Desert." If I knew the name of the printer who did that I would invite him out to spend a weekend in my jalopy, getting acquainted with the desert country. He quite evidently is a tenderfoot—but he really is a minor offender compared with those heathen who daub advertising signs on rocks along the roadside.

LETTERS

Blacks Canyon, Mojave Desert

Mister Henderson:

Most of the time you fellers is right and I'm not much at criticis'n, but when you move ol' Telescope peak over in the Funeral range as you done in that last magazine of yours, I want to make a holler.

I've prospected all over that country. Been doin it for 40 years—spent 30 of them looking for my burros and the other 10 lookin for gold. Telescope is in the Panimints, always has been there as long as I can remember, and unless some tenderfoot comes along and changes the names it will always be there. I'm just writin this so you will know the straight of it.

SHOSHONE GUS.

• • •

Berkeley, California

Editor, Desert Magazine:

Concerning an item in the October number minimizing the seriousness of scorpion stings, I wish to call attention to an article by H. L. Stahnke in "Science" August 19, 1938, entitled "The Venomous Effects of Some Arizona Scorpions." Mr. Stahnke offers good evidence that the sting of *Centruroides sculpturatus* Ewing, common around Mesa, Arizona, is likely to be deadly.

The sting of other species of American scorpions is not particularly dangerous to normal healthy adults, but the severe pain and fright resulting is sometimes fatal to small children. The paralysis often produced by scorpion stings is temporary and no cause for alarm.

Mr. Shannel is correct in his statement that the bite of the tarantula is not dangerously poisonous.

R. P. ALLEN.

• • •

Altadena, California

Dear Sir:

In regard to the origin of "Trona," given in your Place Names department in November as Spanish, "royal throne, a high place of importance." May I differ with you. The Spanish word for throne is *Trono*. According to the booklet issued by the American Potash & Chemical corporation in 1928 the name Trona is of Egyptian origin—"a native double salt consisting of a combination of normal

and acid sodium carbonate, chemically known as $\text{Na}_2\text{CO}_3 \cdot \text{HNaHCO}_3 \cdot 2\text{H}_2\text{O}$, occurring as a white crystalline deposit. Reefs of this salt are found on the surface of the dry Searles lake near Trona, California. Originally it was the intention to manufacture soda products from these reefs, hence the name came to be applied to the town."

Enclosed is check for our renewal. We would not want to miss a copy of the Desert Magazine.

PAULINE V. MORGAN.

• • •

Gallup, New Mexico

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Your comment in the Desert Magazine about basket prizes won at the Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial at Gallup last August was about fifty per cent correct. Under Premium Number 78 we usually award a first cash prize and a second cash prize for "Best basket in entire exhibit from any Pueblo or tribe." This year the judges awarded two first prizes under this item. They were won by a Cahuilla basket made by Margaret Lunia and exhibited by R. B. Cregar of Palm Springs, Calif., and by a Pima basket made by Eunice Osife and exhibited by Fred Wilson of Phoenix, Arizona. Each of the above baskets also won first among all baskets competing from their respective tribes. The Cahuilla basket also won the prize under Premium Number 79 which was awarded for "Best basket showing design in colors made from native dyes."

I was a bit disappointed at one of your personal comments on the Ceremonial in which you said in the Desert Magazine that some of the Indians looked bored with the program. Do you know what a bored Indian looks like? More than three hundred Indians make up our program cast. The others come voluntarily and if you counted the Indians here I know your total exceeded six thousand. We could not keep them away if we tried to.

Knowing more about Indians than most whites, the Indians get more out of our annual Ceremonial than whites. Were it not for the Ceremonial many Indians would not in their entire lives have an opportunity to see the many tribes that come here from all over the west to participate and to witness the Ceremonial.

If you and I stayed up at dances all night for a week we would probably look bored or worse and we might not be bored at all.

It was a pleasure to have you with us this summer and I hope you can come at a time in the future when we will have the opportunity for a good visit.

M. L. WOODARD.

Calexico, California

Editor—R. H.

A letter of protest!

The next time you find it necessary to leave something out of the magazine—I hope it won't be the letter page. I missed it in the last issue.

MARION BAKER.

• • •

San Diego, California

Editor, Desert Magazine:

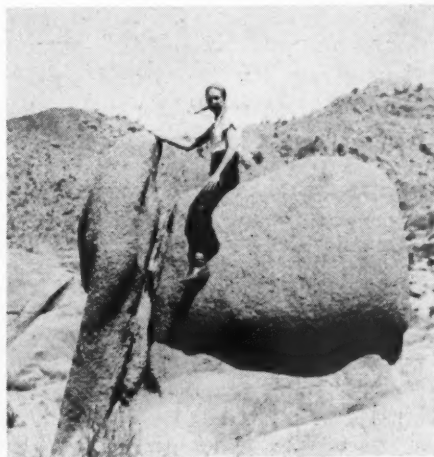
The photograph reproduced on page 33 of the November number of the Desert Magazine is of Split Rock, in the Joshua Tree national monument. The monument may be reached from the village of Twentynine Palms, which is reached by taking a road northward at White Water, which is on Highway 60-70 from Phoenix to Los Angeles, about 28 miles west of Indio. That is, it may be reached if the road is not washed out.

The monument may be entered from Twentynine Palms if the road into it can be found, which is not easy. It is possible only if the one man in Twentynine Palms who has ever heard of the Joshua Tree national monument can be induced to indicate it. Once having been put on it the visitor may follow it, if he can recognize two wheel tracks across the desert as a road. If he does not meet another car (which is unlikely), if he avoids being stuck in the sand, and if he does not break a spring, at the end of about ten miles he will come to Split Rock.

Within the rock is a cave in which are some Indian pictographs—very interesting if they can be identified. If there are any legends or historical data concerning it I should be greatly surprised, for two archaeologists, thoroughly familiar with the region, have told me that they have never heard of any.

Behind Split Rock is a much more amusing one, shaped like an elephant. It is an excellent place to perch the girl friend for a picture, if she does not fall off and break her neck.

H. K. RAYMENTON.





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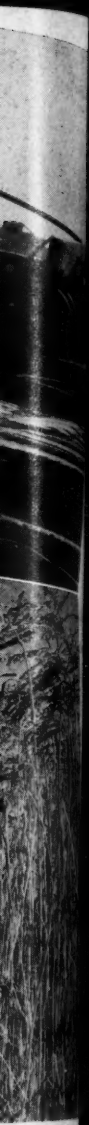
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